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A
DESCRIPTIVE LIST
OF
INTERNATIONAL
NOVELS

COMPILED BY
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DEVOTED TO PLACES.



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INTERNATIONAL NOVELS.

The object of this list is to direct readers, such as would enjoy the kind of books here described, to a number of novels, easily obtainable, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten within a year or two after publication. That the existence of works of fiction is remembered so short a time is a pity, since, for every new book of merit, there are, in most libraries, a hundred as good or better, unknown to the majority of readers. It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposition to read an inferior NEW book when superior OLD books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand.

This list will be followed by others describing EUROPEAN, ROMANTIC, ECCENTRIC and FANCIFUL novels and tales. The compiler would be pleased to have his attention called to any works deserving a place which have escaped his attention. It may be observed that the compiler has tried to include only such works as are well-written, interesting, and free from sensationalism, sentimentality, and pretense. But in a few cases, books have been noticed on account of the reputation of their authors, or their great popularity, rather than their merit.

The selected "notices" here given are generally abridged.

ABBÉ CONSTANTIN. [by LUDOVIC HALEVY: *Munro*.—Putnam. 1882. *Dodd*, 1888-9.] "All american readers of "Abbé Constantin" will believe that this success is well deserved, for it is due to the charming portraits of 2 american girls. One of the authors of that personification of feminine Parisianism, Froufrou, has now attempted to draw a cousin of Lydia Blood and Daisy Miller. Strange to say, the attempt is a complete success. Mrs. Scott and her sister, Miss Bettina Percival, are true americans—and they are true ladies. It is perhaps a tribute to the purity of the american character that the story in which these ladies play the principal part is not only altogether delightful, but as innocent as it is interesting." [Nation. 401

ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, An. [by JULIAN STURGIS: *Appleton*, 1879.] "The scene of the story is laid

in Venice, and the descriptions of the town and its sea and sky are charming; sunshine and moonlit illumine the pages, and there is the lit touch of the man who, however strong his sensations may be, dreads above all things to be 'heavy in hand.' There is a piratical countess, a stout female devotee of art, a boyish, knowing young british peer, a foolish society man for whose marriage we predict no good, and then an enchanted island, a youthful divinity and a gallant wooer, a friendly friend and a maestro full of good intent; these last and the Venetian setting make the charm of the book. There are many felicities of frase." [Nation. 402

ADELE [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1857.] "is a charming novel, full of delicate character-painting. The workmanship is good throughout, and the interest kindled in the first

chapter burns briefly to the close." [Athenæum. 403

ADRIAN LYLE, Phil'a, 1889. = GRETCHEN. 404

AFTERGLOW. [by G: P. LATHROP: *Roberts*, 1877.] "The subject is found in the relations and experiences of a set of americans resident in **Dresden**, among whom mingle a saxon and a prussian officer, an englishman, and 1 or 2 other people. As a love-story it is thoroly pure and wholesome, but in its analysis and delineation of conflicting passions it goes far deeper than ordinary works." [Boston "Lit. World." 405

AGATHA PAGE. [by I: HENDERSON: *Ticknor*, 1888.] "The scene is in **Rome**. The theme is an old one: the virtuous man who marries a noble woman for love, but who entertains, later, a passing fancy for an ignoble woman who conceives a passion for him. Both women suffer greatly, the man not very much, and the wife comes out victorious and happy in the end. The wife, Agatha Page, is half-american, and has been bred at home; her cousin and rival, a full-blood Italian, has on the contrary, been educated in a convent." [Cath. World. 406

ALMOST A DUCHESS [by OLGA DE LONGUEUIL: *Roberts*, 1884.] "is a very well told story . . . not only distinctly foreign, but showing on many pages the knowledge of **French** life with which few english people are likely to be acquainted. The plot turns upon the legality of a marriage contracted by a frenchman in England against the will of his parents before he is 25. . . . Independently of this plot, it possesses much interest and gives with much ease and naturalness pictures of an english country nêborhood and glimpses of house-

hold life in France." [Lippincott's. 407
ALMOST AN ENGLISHMAN. [by MOSES LEWIS SCUDDER: *Putnam*, 1878.] "A lawyer and a Bostonian who have been college classmates, cross the Atlantic in company with a father and daughter returning to England, and a husband and wife from Chicago. The lawyer, Ketchum, is a rabid american. The Bostonian, Hill, is an abject english admirer and copyist. Ketchum's character is drawn sympathetically. Hill's theoretically, but there is a certain brute ability in the way they are developed and discriminated. . . . Nevertheless, Ketchum is the 'deus ex machina' who by his energy and shrewdness unravels all the plots, detects the criminals, and prepares the way for the reward of virtue. At the last, Hill receives his english bride from the hands of relatives, whose hearts thrill with joyful relief when they find that the Bostonian does not expectorate upon their carpets, while Ketchum appropriately marries the widow of the Chicago defaulter, to whom he had prudently proposed before her husband's release from the body. Mr. Scudder makes a rather good point when he represents the english bride as reproving her husband for despising his country, and bracing him to patriotism; but his prevailing purpose seems to have been to make both his britons and his yankees as unpleasant as possible." [Atlantic. 408

ALTIORA PETO. [by LAURENCE OLIPHANT: *Harper*, 1883.] "There are 2 American girls, one of whom is a great heiress, and both of whom represent our glorious country by great freedom of manner and language, combined with that purity of heart which in Mr. Oliphant's vue of the world, the absence of convention-

AGNES TREMORNE [by ISA BLAGDEN (†, 1873): *Smith*, 1861] is "a graceful, tho perhaps over-sentimental book. The story, vued as a story of English life and manners, must be regarded as fanciful and slight. The plot is rather unreal, and the curious connexion subsisting between the leading characters, is so unworldly and imaginativ, that òne feels in reading it that a pure fancy rather than knoledge of the world is the wel from which the author has drawn. But the very unworldliness of the book suits, perhaps, its Italian dress. When we ar in the land of statues and of pictures, of olivs and villas, of a blue sky and a blue sea, life becòmes invested with brighter còlors, and dusty English family histories ar lighted intö sòmething of romance. One of the most charming of modern novels is a book in which a simple and elegant plot is almost hidden in descriptions of Italian life and scenery — like statuary half lost in leaves and flowers. The plot, and the form in which the plot is given tō us in such works as "Transformation" [No. 817] ar mutually adapted tō òne anòther. The imaginativ character of the story, its airy unreality and grace, suit the region in which its action is laid." [Saturday Review. 406 d

ality tends to produce. They have with them a terrible old companion or chaperon named Hannah, who talks like something between a Maine Yankee and Buffalo Bill. Her conversation, masculine as it is, does not interfere with her having an excellent heart. . . Americans who feel sore over the way english writers misrepresent american girls, may derive a good deal of consolation from the way in which Mr. Oliphant treats english society. As depicted by him, it is a combination of Bohemia and Botany-Bay. It is of course closely connected with the world of finance. Altiora herself being the victim of a stupendous fraud perpetrated by her financial guardians. We say the book is an extravaganza, partly because of the burlesque character of the situations; but the author calls it a novel, and perhaps it is as an international novel that it will have to be judged." [Nation. 409

AMERICAN, The [by H: JAMES Osgood, 1877.] "The hero, Christopher Newman, a self-made Yankee who has gathered a great fortune before the age of 35, and gone to Paris to spend it, naively resolves to take him a wife out of the Faubourg St. Germain, gets the entrée in a sufficiently unlikely manner to that difficult stronghold and very nearly succeeds in carrying out his project. His wife is in fact promised him by her hi-bred and fastidious family. But when these potentates see an unexpected chance of marrying her to an imbecile Irish lord they break their pledge. The passive bride, whose heart had really been won, has just spirit enuf to baffle them by going into a convent." [Atlantic.] "The story is naif in the extreme—almost what a Frenchman would call brutal in its simplicity. A rich, pros-

perous, ignorant, wandering american, fresh from San-Francisco and potential money-making, and entirely unacquainted with fine society, finds himself in Paris; and after a few adventures . . . he announces, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, his intentions in a more important matter. . . . His confidence in himself, tho so unjustifiable, has always a certain nobleness in it; and he is never vulgar, nor commonplace, nor petty, but has in him a large and magnanimous nature—something princely and fine, notwithstanding the sharp limitations of his experience, his ignorance and false security. The Old World crushes the representative of the New. It erects before him a cruel, incomprehensible barrier, and sucks the soul out of him, and remorselessly cuts off all his hopes. He is no match for it, tho he thinks at first that he is far more than a match. This is the way in which aristocratic France deals with the American. It baffles him, confounds him, cuts off his ambition and his ideal, and makes an end of what was to have been so good—his future, the reward of his exertions, the fine dream upon which he had concentrated all his hopes." [Blackwood's. 410

ANDROMEDA, [by "G: FLEMING," i.e., Julia [Constance] Fletcher]: Roberts, 1885.] "The story opens in Tirol where, at the homely white-washed inn, are staying a frank, careless, keen-witted young Englishman; his life-long friend and confidant, the marquis of San-Donato; the elderly, winning Agatha Dillon, and her hi-bred, undemonstrative, beautiful young half-sister, Clara Dillon, who is supposed by the marquis to represent 'a modern Andromeda, chained

to the rack of an impossible engagement, and dependent altogether upon the intervention of hi Heaven, and a Perseus for release.' But the first few chapters involve a significant change of parts. Clare rejects the suit of the handsome, vacuous Clayton, and becomes the affianced of the marquis, not because she loves him, but because of her womanly admiration for his noble character, and pity, perhaps, for his lonely fate. . . . One always feels sure of Lord Irwin's rollicking good-nature and of the cold, proud, stately Gina's innate selfishness and incapacity for affection. And then there are clever bits of portraiture like that of the emancipated governess, 'a short, compact, active, little english-woman of 45, with brit eyes and smooth sandy hair and a very red face and throat,' who had come abroad 'to digest her liberty.' . . . And as a back-ground to all these human interests we have luminous pictures of scenery among the mountains of Tirol, or on the sun-scorched shores of Italy. 'Andromeda' may not be a great novel, but it vindicates thōroly the author's aim, and is a work varied in motive, fresh and original in conception, strong and finely finished in style." [Boston "Lit. World."] "If Andromeda has more of pure narrative and less of drama than the author has accustomed us to expect from her, it is still a very touching story of self-sacrifice, wrōt with great delicacy. . . . The tale is romantic, if one pleases to use the frase; but so long as there is any ideal left to human consciousness, hearts will thrill with the admiration of hi-heartedness. Besides, "George Fleming" knows the power of a wise restraint. To it she owes the artistic perfection of her

pictures, and from it no less comes her fine discrimination in moral forces. The healthful atmosfere of the book gives it an importance apart from its literary merit. The chief situation is the same that has oftentimes been used for evil example—a woman betrothed to one man, but loving his friend, who in turn loves her. That the author has chosen to show how pure and noble souls may save themselves in such peril, is another welcome witness against the theory that a story cannot be vivid or exciting without the appeal to the passions of sense." [Nation. 411

ARCHIE LOVELL. [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Church*, 1867.] "We all love Archie, and our sympathies spontaneously adapt themselves to every situation of the fresh, unconventional, venturesome, and innocent girl, whose wilfulness gives so much zest to her personality. . . . What grace, what playfulness, what nautiness, what freshness in her character! What a charming and fresh personality, what lively naturalness, what pointed protest against coarseness and awkwardness do you discover in the development of her nature! . . . 'Archie Lovell' is a faithful, a brilliant, a varied picture of English men and women, modified by Continental [French] experience." [Galaxy. 412

AT CAPRI, [by "CARL DETLEF." i. e., Clara Bauer: *Porter & Coates*, 1875.] "is remarkable for its skillful portraiture of character. The hero, a sober and learned professor, is thrown into the society of a young widow, the baroness Valmont, who is described, with little exaggeration, as 'the most bewitching woman in the world'. Despite his infatuation, he clings to his studies, comforting him-

self with the belief that his passion is reciprocated. Indeed, it seems to be, for the baroness lavishes upon him the wealth of a seemingly boundless affection. At last comes to him a terrible blow; he learns that she is betrothed and soon to be married. . . The little baroness is certainly one of the most original characters we have met in fiction, and the history of her career, if not instructive, is singularly entertaining. The sketches of life at **Capri**—in the little colony of artists, and among the peasants—are well drawn, and the account of the tarantella is a remarkable specimen of graphic description." [Boston "Lit. World." 413

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR
[Putnam, 1882] = BALLROOM RE-
PENTANCE. 414

AT THE RED GLOVE. [by K. S. MACQUOID: *Harper*, 1885.] Altho the scene is laid in Bern, it is a typical french story of french people with french ideas and characteristics, and it is french as well in the symmetry of its arrangements and effects and its admirable technique. . . Everything is progressing to Madame's content, when a little convent-girl, Marie Peyrolles, comes to Bern to live with her aunt, a glove-seller, whose sign in the Spitalgasse gives the name to the story. It would be a difficult matter to find a prettier piece of comedy than that which ensues upon Marie's advent. It is all simple, spontaneous, and, on the part of the actors, entirely serious, yet the effect is delightfully humorous. **Bern**, with its quaint, arcaded streets, its Alpine vues, and its suburban resorts, makes a capital background, and gives the group free play to meet all sorts of picturesque opportunities. The story is told without any straining after climaxes, but

with many felicitous touches which enhance the effect of every picture and incident." [Lippincott's.] "In skilful simplicity of the plot-construction, in liness of artistic touch as exhibited in the delineation of character, and in general literary excellence, this is the most perfect and enjoyable of Mrs. Macquoid's works. . . Madame Carouge is sometimes the object of pity, and sometimes a subject of amusement, but never altogether repellent. One's sympathy is, indeed, enlisted on the side of the heroine of the story—for such she is, in spite of the rivalry of the timid, pretty shop-girl—in the opening chapters, in which she is found united in a loveless marriage of convenience to Carouge. He dies when she is but 28. 'Ah! but after all, I do not owe him much,' the beautiful woman said; 'he has wasted my youth. I am 28, and I have not yet begun to live.' But she has read and dreamed; and an ideal lover is one of the inhabitants of her dreamland. . . But Mrs. Macquoid may be forgiven any weakness in her portrait of Madame Carouge, for having given us Captain Loigerot, so ridiculous in love, so pompous in manner, and yet withal so magnanimous a gentleman. When he discovers how the land lies between Rudolf and Marie, he not only retires from the field with dignity, but he becomes the chief agent in promoting their happiness. One is pleased to see him, in the last chapter, taking so kindly to the rôle of god-father to the children of the woman he loved sincerely after his fashion. If 'At the Red Glove' were merely a good comedy, it would merit very hi praise. But it is something more and better." [Spectator, 415

AUNT SERENA [by B. W.

(HOWARD) TELFEL: *Osgood*, 1881.] "is a story of very unequal merit. In 'Aunt Serena' we have a picture of a very sweet woman. . . . She takes her beautiful niece to Europe. There, in [Stuttgart], Rose meets the hero, a man of talent, handsome and rich. It is a very natural, straightforward love-story to its climax while listening to 'Lohengrin.' It would have been far better if that had been the end, for what comes after is as unnatural as it is unpleasant. A lady whom Sidney Bruce had once known, if not loved, presents herself upon her own invitation, at Aunt Serena's party for Rose's birthday. She is a figure now familiar to commonplace, the Circe of the Cleopatra pattern. The author endows her with every charm of person and manner, especially the latter, and yet on the next page she does that for which 'repulsive' is only the mildest word that can be used. Speaking generally of the book, the fine New England types in it did not need as a foil the narrow walls of a German pension, with its petty, gossiping life, and occupants not only mean but stupid." [Nation.] 416

BABYLON. [by [C:] GRANT [BLAIR-FINDEL] ALLEN: *Appleton*, 1885.] "His theme is simple and manageable—a farmer's boy in Western New-York, and a peasant boy in England, one of whom has a native genius for painting and the other for sculpture; and the steps by which they escape the bonds of circumstance, get to Rome, where they meet, and win fame and their sweethearts. In an affectionate and somewhat naive way, which beguiles the reader to lay aside critical judgment and enter into the spirit of the thing with him, he follows his 2 lads along, as also the little peasant

girl whom he has destined for the young sculptor." [Overland.] 417

BALLROOM REPENTANCE, A [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Bentley and Trenchnitz*, 1882.] "Whoever has the patience to persevere beyond the first 100 pages will find himself, to his surprise, rewarded. The component parts of the novel—scheming mothers, weak daughters, dissipated heroes, gamblers and gaming-tables—are so essentially poor, and the style at first so low in tone, that it is surprising to find how good a story is developed from the material. Perhaps the main point to be noted is that it is interesting: but the novelist is certainly not devoid of power who can create a hero with glaring faults and a heroine with decided weaknesses, yet interest us in both and prevent us from despising either." [Critic.] See "At the Eleventh Hour." 418

BEATRICE [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Appleton*, 1865.] "is spirited, full of incident, written with correctness and grace, and ornamented with tasteful pen-and-ink sketches of lovely scenery." [Nation.] 419

BELINDA. [by RHODA BROUGHTON: *Appleton*, 1883.] Scene in Dresden. "The author can be refreshingly funny, and the spritely sallies of the shrewd, good-natured, coarsely-ironical Sarah almost always excite spontaneous laughter. In the range of current lit literature, it would be hard to find truer sketches from nature than Sarah, her grandmother, and her dogs. Here Miss Broughton forgets to try to be wise and deep, and is genuinely trivial, genuinely worldly, almost as genuinely vulgar. And on comparing 'Belinda' with the author's earlier productions, it will be seen that she has reached that stage

BABEL [by MARGARET [I..] (COLLIER) GALETTI : *Blackwood*, 1887] “ is a pleasant little tale, dealing with the fortunes of a young lady born of an Italian father and an English mother. She is a nativ of a village at no grêat distance from the line tō Brindisi; and thêre she has passed her youth in the country house of her father, a count, with no company but her reservd mother, a boorish brother, her tutor, a quaint French professor, and his warm-heârted and shrewd Russian wife. From this polyglot society the house has got the name which it givs tō the story. How the elements of it ar stirred by the arrival among them of an English “Milor,” and how Giannetta’s fate is affected thêreby, may be read in the book. Of course, she gets tō England in course of time; and here the story becōmes sōmewhat commonplace, tho thêre ar amusing touches.” [Athenæum.

416 k

of growth which recognizes self-limitations, and has confined her attempts at wisdom and profundity to occasional abstract reflections, for originating which the most spiteful of us will not hold her responsible. She has cultivated a fine feeling for nature, too, and sets her scenes effectively." [Nation. 420

BEYOND RECALL. [by ADELINE SERGEANT: *Holt*, 1883.] "Another novel of the refined and agreeable sort. It has eminently the air of unaffectedly good society. Its ladies are all more or less winning, its gentlemen are gentlemen in spite of the weaknesses of the lover. . . . The locality of the story is Ramleh, a suburban village a few miles from Alexandria, whither the gentlemen go to business and the ladies shopping, by a little local train. There is something really fascinating in the little english colony, with its social gayeties, its friendly, informal spirit, its sensible business men, its tropical gardens, and its desert—more beautiful than dreary—stretching around it. The inexhaustible quaintness of the contrasting life of ancient Egypt, so harmoniously flowing together, supplies one source of unfailling interest throuout the book; however other points fail to interest, one feels that he knows Ramleh; it remains among his mental pictures; he even feels attached to the village, as its people did. The Egyptian politics, too, and the culmination of the narrative in the Alexandrian massacre, are interesting, and free from the sensational—as also, it must be admitted, from the thrilling." [Overland. 421

BLEDISLOE [by ADA M. TROTTER: *Cupples*, 1887.] "is an attractive story of the invasion of a sleepy

english village by 2 brit american girls, who win friends and lovers, find a great deal to criticise, institute some piquant comparisons and on the whole have a thöroly good time. Aunt Pen, a charming old maid; Bet, a quaint serving-woman; the handsome, selfish, sport-loving rector, who wishes to clear himself of debts by marrying his beautiful dauter; Keith, a proud, austere, athletic artist in love with Effie; Kent Beresford, a gruff, good-hearted, many-sided lawyer; these are among the leading characters. The author has an easy style; and her humor is fresh and invigorating." [Boston "Lit. World." 422

BLUE-STOCKING. A [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Sheldon*, 1877.] "The heroine of the story is Daphne Chester, a young widow with a child, who, living a secluded life in Jersey, was in her extreme youth led into marriage with a good-for-naught, who deserted her, and died miserably, relieving her of an intolerable burden. She lives with 3 maiden aunts at an old farm, and is oppressed by the monotony of her existence. . . . For Daphne is very beautiful in the fair, golden-haired, Venus style. Rarely have the personal charms of a fair woman been more deftly set forth—rather indicated than described—in any of the many novels of the day. We feel rather than see that she must have been enchanting." [Galaxy. 423

BOURBON LILIES [by E., [J—] (WILLIAMS) CHAMPNEY: *Lockwood, Brooks & Co.*, 1878.] "is a particularly graceful and finished little story, showing much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of mind. The scenery and characters are almost exclusively french." [Atlantic.] "With the best side of artist life in Paris. Mrs. Champ-

ney is familiar; and her story, which is rather a sketch than a romance, presents an agreeable picture of some phases of that life. . . . The narrative is enriched by legendary tales of the locality. [Sunday Afternoon. 424

BUNDLE OF LETTERS, A. [by H: JAMES.] . . . "In 'The Europeans,' 'A Bundle of Letters' and 'The Pension Beaurepas' one and the same attempt is made to exhibit the whole-some simplicity, the fresh, instinctive, native virtue, of the american types in contrast with the satisfaction, conventionality, and lower moral ideas and standards of the european. And that these qualities are represented as co-existing with other less desirable and admirable characteristics—with the narrow-mindedness of a Puritan family and the vulgarity of nouveaux-riches tourists—merely proves the fidelity of Mr. James' observation, and gives to his creations the stamp of genuine reality. The failure of the Wentworth family to comprehend the baroness Eugenia is a testimony to their simple-minded purity of thôt; and the ineffectual endeavor of Miss Aurora Church to conduct herself like one american-born tho european-bred brings into relief the sincerity and straitforwardness as well as the plebeian breeding of Miss Sophie Ruck. The fact that this purity and sincerity of nature are attributed to persons whom we recognize as 'common'.—low-placed in the social scale, is what makes Mr. James' compliment to his country the more significant: these virtues, he implies, are every-day virtues among us americans; we take them as matters-of-course, unaware how precious they are and how far from being the current of social life in other countries." [Corres. Boston

"Lit. World."

425

BY THE TIBER, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

CABIN AND GONDOLA [by C. DUNNING [WOOD]: *Harper*, 1886.] "contains several short stories, which all show originality and versatility, and strength both of conception and style. They are of every variety, and all are good." [Critie.] "It takes 11 tales to fill out the 200 pages, and, as a rule, they are quite short, airy, and lit; yet they strike one as being more than sketches, after all. Whatever may be the facts in the case, one feels in reading them that they were not dashed off with recklessness; they seem to show the finishing marks of a careful hand. It is entirely to this finish of form and an engaging delicacy of style that the stories owe their charm, for there is nothing strikingly original about them. . . . The author's fondness for making a plot of the simplest materials and for turning the story on the very slightest incidents is noticeable throuout, and one finds one's self wondering, when the volume is put aside, what there was in it that interested him; but the interest is there, nevertheless." [Nation. 426

CAPTAIN MANSANA. [by BjÖRNSON: *Houghton*, 1882.] "In 'Captain Mansana' the most considerable and by far the most powerful story of the 3. Mr. Björnsen takes an Italian subject, the love history of a man whose presence of mind, courage, love of honor, whose fysical strength and energy, dexterity and shrewdness, rouse to the hiest pitch our expectations as to his future possibilities, but at the same time fill us with solicitude. The central scene in this singularly simple but intensely dramatic narra-

BUCHHOLZES IN ITALY (The)
 [by JULIUS STINDE : London, *Bell*,
 1887.] “is not equal to ‘the Buchholz
 Family.’ It has some clever passages,
 of course, but the author strains too
 much after effect, and in the end one
 becomes thoroughly tired of Mrs. Buchholz’
 comments on the pictures, scenery, and
 social life of Italy. It is worth noting,
 perhaps, that she is made to express all
 the notions current in Germany about
 English travelers.” [Athenæum. 424 k

BY THE ELBE. [by "S.. TYTLER,"
i. e., Henrietta Keddie: *Smith*, 1876.]
"An english squire, his wife, and 3
daughters go tō **Dresden** in search of
opportunities for retrenchment. Dresden
is so much frequented by english, that
. . . the fact of having spent a vaca-
tion in that artistic but dullish capital
seems tō admit tō a kind of Freema-
sonry. No doubt those whō ar thus ini-
tiated wil read with interest the advent-
ures of the Carterets: how they went tō
Prag and Nürnberg; how they attended
'smoking concerts,' and studied pict-
ure-galleries; finally, how the maidens,
at least, of the family got married (or
failed tō dō so) in the land of thêir
exile." [Athenæum. **425 u**

CAMORISTI (The) and other
TALES [by MA. [I..] (COLLIER) GAL-
ETTI : London, 1882] "is attractiv and
interesting." [Sat. Review. **426 k**

tive is Mansana's conquest of the affections of the princess Theresa Leaney under the advantage of a terrible railway accident, in which the lover's strength and prowess completely vanquish the lady's heart. . . . Mansana's is a wild and tumultuous nature, and after this his heart is touched for a moment throu sympathy, by a young girl. But Theresa follows him, recovers him to loyalty, and the story leaves them happily married in Hungary." [Boston "Lit. World." 427

CARLINO [by GIOVANNI [DOMENICO] RUFFINI: *Lippincott*, 1870.] "is nothing but the story of how a simple and affectionate young Italian, in the quality of servant, subdues the pride of an aristocratic master, and becomes, in the baron's despite, his sole support and most loved and valued friend. . . . When the Baron is thrown from his horse and made a cripple for life, he remembers with meekness and longing this despised friend, and for the rest the story is the account of their affectionate association. But it is full of charming sketches of French and Italian characters and manners; and tho it is brief, yet if it is really the business of an author to make his reader happier and desirous of being better, then Mr. Ruffini has here achieved success not surpassed by that of any other of his very delightful books. We do not mean to hint that the little story is artistically defective: on the contrary it is the best literature, and of a kind of fiction,—simple, direct, and confident, like that of Auerbach, Björnson, and Erckmann-Chatrrian,—which no one born to speak English has yet had the courage to attempt, tho it is evident that nothing pleases English-readers better." [Atlantic. 428

CHOISY. [by JAMES P. STORY: *Osgood*, 1872.] "The chief charm of this story is in its representations of Parisian life, which surpass in spirit and realism anything we have lately read. The reader finds it hard to believe that they are not the work of a Parisian. The picture of Paris on race-day is marvellously vivid; and, in a dozen sentences, the author makes us at home in the Latin Quarter. To the opera, the famous cafés, the Jockey Club, the Mabilles—indeed, to almost every theatre of 'fast' life in Paris—he is a cicerone of few but sufficient words, who knows whereof he speaks, and is never tedious. The two best characters in the book are Jack Somers and Nina Choisy; Charley Wales represents the average 'fast' young man, and Huntley is cast in a mold that has been worn out in fiction. Somers is a spring of perennial delit; he never opens his mouth but to amuse the reader, and his character is a problem which one never grows weary in studying. Of Nina Choisy we can say only that her loveliness of person and manner go as far toward excusing Charley's sin as any merely human considerations could do; the reader admires while he blames her, and pities the fair young girl whom cruel fate has made the wife of an imbecile old man, and whose untutored heart yields itself at the first masterful summons. We have read many better American novels, but not one of more absorbing interest. It deals, as we have said, with very prepossessing varieties of vice; but thoughtful readers, who apprehend the real significance of Charley's sufferings and of Nina's melancholy career, will find in it a moral lesson which gains impressiveness from the medium in

CARA ROMA. [by MARIA M. GRANT :
Chapman, 1885.] "Life at **Rome**,
 both in outside aspect and in the condi-
 tions which it excites is described with
 considerable power; and the study of
 Lady Daring, with its curious strata,
 so to speak, — an outside of sentiment,
 a deep layer of what may be called
 practical or worldly, and underneath all,
 again, a capacity for being disinterested,
 which can assert itself if only it can be
 roused, — is a really successful effort."
 [Spectator. 427 k

CARTOUCHE. [by F.. M.. PEARD : *Smith*, 1879.] “The author prefers good tŭ bad people, likes things tŭ turn out wel, and has a sympathetic acquaintance with a good deal of forċin society. The scene of ‘Cartouche’ lies chiefly at **Florence** and **Rome**, and the descriptions of scenery and of the life of English residents in those places ar charming, and, what is rarer, ar given without extravagance; but the best point in the author’s treatment of her story is her skilful management of twŭ heroins, girls of very different characters, but both of them true and noble-minded.” [Athenæum. **428 h**]

CHEVALIER OF PENSIERI-VANI (The). [by H. B. FULLER: Boston, *Cupples*, 1891.] "It is always pleasant to wander in spirit over a land so full of beauty and so replete with historical and artistic interest as *Italy* with an author who knows and appreciates it thoroughly. The book is a record of the wanderings of a dilettante in the fine arts in pursuit of rare expressions of genius. He searches for relics in Etruscan tombs only to be ashamed of his vandalism in removing them; he pursues a Perugino all over Italy, only to find at Pisa that it is not a Perugino at all but something rarer still—a Sodoma; he looks for traces of the Goths in Ravenna, and comes away content with bits of mosaic; and he rummages in musty bookstalls in Venice in the hope of finding an Aldine which might have been overlooked by the connoisseurs. The topics are all handled in a very graceful manner, touched by loving fingers trained to a perfect appreciation of the happiness to be obtained in and through them. Any one to whom the beauty and interest in such things appeal will derive considerable enjoyment from this little book, which covers ground he has probably gone over himself and to which he is never loath to return." [Critic.]—"The Chevalier's emotions are of the kind which should stir responsive thrills in the breast of the sentimental traveler whose tastes tend to art and archaeology, and Aldine imprints, and the like. The author's descriptive art is pleasantly revealed in these sketches, though the persons introduced in a somewhat discursive narrative are closely veiled and make a vague show. The Prorege of

Arcopia, the Duke of Avon, the agreeable Contessa, Pensieri-Vani himself, are mysterious, possibly illustrious Incogniti. But most of us have met Occident, the young untraveled American." [Saturday Review.]—"The appearance of the book with an additional chapter is very welcome to those who have made the chevalier's acquaintance, and affords a fit occasion for recommending him to those who do not yet know him as a charming traveling companion; one traverses with him a country too well known to be regarded as a show, but so loved that its every road is fruitful of pleasure. Yet delightful as the Italian atmosphere is, and accomplished an interpreter as Mr. Fuller is, his delicate satire so insinuates itself through the reader's mind that the very marked style which challenges, and gets his continual admiration along the way, finally seems to exist in order to emphasize the significance of the cavalier's title. It is true that we are warned against taking things too seriously; we are advised to accept the cavalier "as he is." And indeed there is no other way to take him; notwithstanding which one feels a half-humorous pity as one leaves the lonely little dilettante with nothing in particular to justify his existence, and the sense of the fact irretrievably lodged beneath the sensations of his passing hour. And then on the other hand, young Mr. Occident and the extraordinary young woman who gives up a public singer's cause to go home with him to Shelby county,—they, too, may have their vain regrets later, and the possible prima donna will be almost sure to. The book is an exquisite bit of literary work." [Springfield Republican. 428 s

which it is conveyed." [Boston "Lit. World." 429

CHRIS. [by W: E: NORRIS: *Macmillan*, 1888.] "Here are emotional incidents in plenty, but all is sweet and brist, and, as we may say, above-board. No shame either to character or intelligence to have this pretty tale on one's table, or to put it in the hands of one's growing dauter. 'Chris' is delitful." [American.]—"Mr. Norris has written another entertaining story, fresh, clean and readable. It is all about a young english girl left an orfan at Cannes, and sent to live with an eccentric and miserly old aunt in London. Three lovers gather round her, two for her worth and one for her money, and the course of the story finds its interest in her parries and thrusts in dealing with these lovers, only one of whom deserves her. Mr. Norris is a lit and pleasant writer, with a vein of humor and a knack for character drawing." Boston "Literary World." 430

CONFIDENCE. [by H: JAMES: *Houghton*, 1880.] "As a bit of what may be called social imagination, the story is deserving of hī praise. From very slender materials Mr. James has woven a complicated plot about the distinctly defined heroes and heroines, and the ins and outs of the game form as entertaining a book as one can care to read. The main hero, Bernard Longueville, is the thōtful, clever fellow, the observer, who is not uncommonly found in Mr. James' stories; and we have, too, a new specimen of the large class of chattering American girls, one Blanche Evers, whose artless prattle is capitally given. The other heroine is of sterner stuff, a really serious character, and her mother is the well-known American

matron, who when well on in years does her hair in as complicated involutions as if she were a girl in her teens. The relations in which these people stand to one another are sufficiently intricate, and their social skirmishing does them credit. The chief heroine, Angela, plays her part with especial skill: her swift comprehension of the position in which she is placed in regard to the two men—which should serve against those unhealthy alliances—and her handling of the tangled threads at the end of the book are certainly entertaining reading." Scene: Siena & Baden. [Atlantic. 431

DAISY MILLER. [by H: JAMES: *Harper*, 1879.] "The story of Daisy Miller has a different motif from the others. It is a purely american picture; and the strange, beautiful, dainty, innocent, and very foolish little american girl, with her ignorant defiance of all rules, is criticised and condemned by americans abroad, not by the society native to the places which she scandalises. The wonderful mother, and still more wonderful little boy, are figures which must be quite familiar to every frequenter of forein hotels; but we never met anything so daring as Daisy herself. The end of the story is unnecessarily tragic. The poor little pretty trifter mīt surely have been shipped home to Schenectady, and let off with her life." [Blackwood's. 432

DANGEROUS GUEST. A [by H: JACKSON: *Harper*, 1870.] "is a very entertaining novel, the 'dangerous guest' being a charming young french girl, and the danger a wedding, which despite the gardian care of some officious intermeddlers, is consummated at the end of the story.

CONTRADICTIONS. [by F.. M.
 PEARD: *Bentley*, 1883.] "The two
 sisters are an attractive pair of fresh,
 right-thinking, vigorous English girls;
 and Olivia, with her more conventional
 and worldly aims, which do not, however,
 wholly occupy her heart, forms an effective
 contrast. Life in **Venice**, too, is
 described with some skill, and there are
 descriptions of scenery and of the effects
 of light and color in the canals and lagoons
 which are well and forcibly written." [Spectator. 431 d

CORINNE [by A.. L.. GERMAINE (NECKER), baroness STAEL-HOLSTEIN (†, 1817) : Boston, 1808, 2 v., 12^o; Phil'a, *Carey*, 1836; N. Y., *Langley*, 1844; London, 1856, *Warne*, 1884.] "The hero is the son of a Scotch nobleman, whō possessed all the excellencies of that region, viz: hī mental cultivation, grēat moral purity, strong religious faith, and a rooted attachment tō the quiet, demure habits of his countrymen. . . . His prejudices against Italian women wer melting away as the frost of his nativ hils would hav dōne under an Italian sun. Passion impelled him tō an immediate union with this charming creature: but the mystery resting on her origin and early history, the recollection of his former imprudence, and of his father's opinions, and an occasional relaps intō his old feelings, always made him shrink from that final step. She is nursed by him in sickness; she traverses the peninsula from ōne end tō the ōther in his company, and defies even Italian public sentiment in all her intercourse with him. . . . With grēat difficulty he tēars himself away, and she despairs. The sight of Britain revives his attachment tō English manners, and with it his prejudice against those of Italy. The appearance of Miss Edgemon, blush-

ing like a young rose, chimed in with this renewal of old prepossessions. He dōes not cease tō lōve Corinne; but she is fast lōsing the monopoly of his heārt, and his letters becōme less frequent and more cold. Altho this ōnly realized the gloomy anticipations of Corinne, it drove her nearly frantic, and when the intelligence reached her that he was about starting with the army for the West Indies, she returned tō England with more impatience than she left it. . . . Corinne returns tō Italy tō die of a broken heārt. Oswald, in a short time after his marriage, goes tō the West Indies, whēre he encounters the toils and perils of war for four years. When he returns, the feelings and tastes which had partially lost thēir hold amid the din of battle and the horrors of pestilence, resumed their power. His conscience is troubled about the unknōn fate of the poor Italian; he finds that his English wife, with all her lōveliness and innocent affection, lacs the genius and acquirements, which gave such constant attraction tō the conversation of her sister. This occasions no actual dissension, but a want of perfect sympathy and confidence." [Southern Lit. Messenger] Compare No. 2004. **431 p**

COSMOPOLIS. [by PAUL BOURGET: N.-Y., *M. J. Ivers*, 341 pp., *Tait & Co.*, 343 pp., *Waverly Co.*, 341 pp., 1893.] The society described "is a group comprising several nationalities, and abiding in **Rome**. It is the very best society, so far as birth and wealth and the cultivation of the world can make the best. The author's serious motif is to prove the permanence of race; his hypothesis being that, in moments of passion, when a man's nature is deeply touched, racial traits will show . . . But there are many moments when his great creative skill relegates theory to oblivion, and these are the moments when, having reflected, we find that the theory has been most cleverly elucidated. The Countess Steno, and the wife of Boleslas Gorka, are drawn with extraordinary force and finish . . . Two such characters give a novel literary distinction; and a half dozen more, done with almost equal understanding, truth, and particularity, confer fame." [Nation.]—"By laying the scene in **Rome**, Mr. Bourget is enabled to bring into close relations a group of men and women who differ widely both in their characteristics and in their artistic value. Some of them strike us as old acquaintances; the clever and unscrupulous Jewish financier who has set his heart on marrying his angelic daughter to a once rich Roman noble, reduced to trading on a great name; the good-natured and cynical French writer who will do anything for his friends except put himself to inconvenience; the American brother and sister with a faint tinge of negro blood and the traditional virtues and vices of the slave,—all these,

although they play important parts, are in themselves but supernumeraries. Four people, however, take the stage by right—the Countess Steno, the Marquis de Montfaron, Boleslas Gorka and his English wife. Caterina Steno, the descendant of a long line of noble Venetians, reverts directly to a type familiar to those who know anything of the social life of Venice in the last century. She has many virtues, few meannesses, and no morals in our sense. She is generous, affectionate after her fashion, brave enough to play for high stakes, and loyal while she loves. She does not cheat herself, nor lie, from choice, to others, and her nerves are as strong as her passions. From a moral point of view she is, of course, wholly to be condemned, but looked at artistically, she gives a degree of the same pleasure which one feels before a portrait by Titian of some woman who may have wrung hearts and ruined lives in her day, but whose beauty is immortal and irresponsible. The character of Maud Gorka is much simpler. Married to a Pole whom she dearly loves, her honest English nature has always suffered vaguely from the subtle and tortuous element inherent in the Slavonic races, and when the tragedy comes which wrecks her happiness, she behaves with a strict justice and somewhat hard nobility which we feel to be the only course possible to her. The contrast of these two women is immensely effective, and not too much insisted upon, for Bourget has a keen sense of what is called, in the slang of another art, "values." [Critic. 431 p

The experiences of the french family in **England** are very happily sketched, and the character of Josephine is a very fascinating one." [Harper's. 433

DIANA WENTWORTH. [by CAROLINE FOTHERGILL: *Harper*, 1888.] "What would the english lady novelist do without the english governess, her woes, her trials, and her triumphs? 'Diana Wentworth' is but a new variation on the old theme. Jacowo, a dull little town in **Posen**, is her Villette, and John Garthwaite, an english civil-engineer employed on a new railroad between Jacowo and Berg, takes the rôle of the burly young fysician of C. Brontë's books. That this book suggests the comparison is certainly a point in its favor. The characters are well-drawn, and the country, we believe, is virgin soil in english fiction. The fact that everyone except the heroine and her lover are 'just hateful' is, of course, quite in the style of this sort of novel, and rather adds to the interest." [Critic. 434

DOCTOR ANTONIO. [by GIOVANNI [D.] RUFFINI: Edinburgh. *Constable*,—N.-Y., *Rudd*, 1860.] "But the true and touching interest of the story would carry a reader throu a much heavier medium; indeed, except that they interrupt the flow of the narrative, the details are not devoid of an interest of their own. Lucy is one of the most charming impersonations of an english girl we have met in the course of many novels. The outline of the story is simple; it derives its charm from the grace and delicacy with which the details are filled in, and the strong individuality impressed upon every point of character, scenery or incident. The character of Sir John Davenne is an admirable little bit of comedy, and there is a dash of

genuine, graceful fun about it, that could scarcely have been given from an english point of vue. The gradual melting away of all the dear, proud, stiff old baronet's prejudices, and the consequent fair play that is given to his best qualities, and his gradual conversion to his dauter's faith in Doctor Antonio, is charming,—and so is the happy pastoral life they all lead during Lucy's convalescence." [Athenæum. 435

DR. JACOB [by MATILDA [BARBARA] BETHAM EDWARDS: London, 1864; *Roberts*, 1868.] "is a story which partakes somewhat of the style of the German novelists without their extreme tediousness. It represents certain fases of life which afford but little scope for novelty or adventure, but which nevertheless call out whatever there is of good or bad, of passionate or enthusiastic, in the nature of every one. . . . Dr. Jacob is the central figure to which all the others are subordinate; one of the most skillfully drawn, original, and unsatisfactory characters we have ever met. A man of brilliant attainments, not bad at heart, but seemingly devoid of principle, with a profound appreciation of all that is good in others, and trusting to his intellectual strength to keep him from the consequences of his errors. Tho 60 years of age, his attractions are so great that he wins the love of a very young girl, whose affection is displayed with such artless simplicity and yet with such earnestness that we can scarcely blame the doctor for lacking courage to resist the temptation of loving in return. . . . The scenes with poor little Kätchen are drawn with much delicacy and are very touching. There is no display of remarkable power in any

portion of the book, but the interest never flags, and altho it is not what may be called a story with a bad ending, yet the close of it is very unsatisfactory." Scene is **Frankfurt**. [Round Table. 436

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. The [by "HESBA STRETTON," i. e., Hannah Smith: *Appleton*, 1872.] "There is a pleasing freshness in the plot of the story, and its locale is comparatively unfamiliar. It is well tho not brilliantly written . . . The French episode is exceptionally well told. Olivia, in her second flit, obtains in London a position as teacher in a school in **France**. Going thither, she finds that she has been deceived,—that the pension is a myth, and she is left penniless and friendless. Making her way on foot toward the coast, she falls into the hands of a kind curé, remains with him and his sister while a fever desolates the town, nurses the sick, and endears herself to all the villagers. There her husband finds her, and there he presently dies. This curé is one of the most beautiful characters we have met in fiction. But Tardiff, the ruf fisherman, loving Olivia with an absorbed and undying love, yet recognizing his unworthiness, and content to serve her for no reward beyond a smile or a kind word,—Tardiff is the bristest gem. The peculiarities of life in the **Channel Islands** are felicitously set forth, and the grand scenery of that region receives appropriate recognition. The book is pure in tone and elevating in its influence." [Boston "Lit. World." 437

DORA. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Appleton*, 1868.] "Reverse of fortune induced the family to seek retirement and economy at **Rouen**, where Dora's life began in earnest. . . . The quiet

life of a mediæval lady was not for Dora; she set about work in earnest, and in the pursuit of artistic labor she encountered one who was to become the arbiter of her future destiny . . . Richard Templemore, a widower, is a finely-drawn character; his intellectual superiority, fine taste and hī moral tone are not inconsistent with the weakness he displays in matters of the heart. The situation of a man bound to one woman by gratitude and to another by love—under obligations to the superior, but attracted to the inferior by an uncontrollable passion—is not uncommon in life." [Round Table. 438

ELEANOR MAITLAND [by CLARA (ERSKINE) (CLEMENT) WATERS: *Osgood*, 1881.] "brings home an american woman traveling in Germany, followed by a titled german, who woos her amid diplomatic scenes in **Washington**, finally to win her in the face of his mother the countess. The heroine, a widow whose only mistake in life was her first marriage to a man she did not love, approaches very near to being that rare character—the perfect woman. . . . It is a work full of thôt, wit, beauty, and refinement; the pen has scarcely made one false stroke in it throught; and the book will give almost unalloyed enjoyment to a wide circle of readers." [Boston "Lit. World." 439

ELIANE [by PAULINE (LA FERRONNAYS) CRAVEN: *Gottschberger*, 1882.] "is a quiet story of french country life with a number of interesting characters, with pleasant sketches of social ways, and with just enuf incident to sustain the somewhat undue tendency to sentimentality which crops up now and then, but is generally repressed before great harm is done

DODD FAMILY ABROAD (The). [by C: LEVER (1806-72): *Harper*. 1854.] "This is one of the gayest, shrewdest, most sparkling and most rollicking of the many works of Lever. The Dodds, an Irish family of encumbered estate, are taken to the Continent by the senior member of the concern, in the hope of living more economically abroad than at home. The book is made up of letters, written by the various members of the Dodd connection, and as various in style and sentiment as the characters of their writers. The result is a picture, or series of pictures, of German and Italian life and manners, strongly provocative of laughter. The absurdities of the family in their desire to be fashionable and distinguished, and their queer adventures and mishaps, are exhibited with great humor. Dodd, the father, is a splendid specimen of the elderly Irish gentleman, impulsiv, irascible, full of animal spirits, shrewd, and sensible enough in his mode of thinking,

foolish and reckless in his conduct. His letters are perhaps the best in the book. Dodd, mother, is a vixen of a peculiar stamp, wrong-headed and wrong-hearted, who spoils her children, plagues her husband, and worships herself. Dodd, daughter, is a beautiful and sentimental young lady, eager for conquests, a coquette, a jilt, and almost a jade. James Dodd, the son, is a young scapegrace, who gets into all kinds of ridiculous scrapes, but is so good-natured in his good-for-nothingness that he never entirely loses the sympathy of the reader. The failures are Capt. Morris and Carry Dodd, characters in which the author attempts to delineate excellent people, and succeeds only in describing bores. They fortunately occupy but a small space in the book, and can be easily skipped. We do not know but that the interposition of their dullness is a contrivance of the author to have some foil to his brilliancy; if so, he has succeeded to a charm." [Graham's Mag. **437 h**

DRIVEN BEFORE THE STORM.

[by GERTRUDE FORDE: *Hurst*, 1887.]

"The early chapters, which take us to the coast of Italy, and tell us how Barington de Witt fell in with the traveling party, with the members of which he was to become so fatefully allied, are full of brisk incident, bright character-sketching, and quiet humor. The Brereton, father and son, are solidly executed portraits, the former being the more successful, as the churlish irascibility of the older man is better realized for us than the brutal cadishness of the younger, which surely passes the bounds of credibility. An equally clever and much pleasanter creation is the pretty American girl, Blanche Hopkins, with her piquant grace, her free but always self-respectful ways, and her wonderful knack of turning lovers into permanent friends. . . . There is no strain, no exaggeration, no melodrama, but a vividness and intensity after which the dealers in these things strive in vain. The early part of the book is admirable, but it is this later portion which marks out the writer as one of whom great expectations may reasonably be indulged."

[Spectator. **438 k**

ELENA. [by L. N. COMYN: *Longman*. 1873.] "The daughter of an English father and an Italian mother, bred in ignorance of her birth, and in little more than peasant rank, by an ill-tempered 'cugina,' Elena meets accidentally an officer in the then Piedmontese army, who is thrown from his horse close to her home. From her good offices to him, after the accident, an acquaintance arises, and his kindness to the lonely and hardly-used girl wins her heart. . . . After an interval, during which she wonders never to have heard his name, a certain Marquis Montanari appears as suitor for her hand, to her great dismay, for her heart has long been given to Marco. Of course, Montanari and Lorenzini turn out to be the same person; but poor Elena finds that though to please his father he has undertaken to make a 'mariage de convenance,' his affections are at first wholly given to her beautiful step-sister. Thus, in spite of Marco's kindness, which, however, proceeds from a kind disposition rather than from any affection for her, the first months of Elena's married life pass unhappily enough. In course of time, however, his eyes are opened to Pauline's shallow nature (be it understood, he is too honorable a man to have contracted any serious 'liaison' with her) and to the depths of his wife's love for him. . . . Our readers will see that the story is a sad one, pitched, so to say, in a minor key throughout. It is told, however, with good taste, and avoidance of 'sensation,' for which the subject might offer a favorable opportunity." [Athenæum. ~ 439 h

to the reader's sensibilities . . . Eliane is made unhappy, and Raynold de Limings led to a mésalliance by the obstinacy of the latter's mother, on the other hand Blanche takes the man chosen for her and is more than content." [Boston "Lit. World." 440

ERLACH COURT [by "OSSIP SCHUBIN." i. e. Lola Kürschner: *Lippincott*, 1889.] "is an excellent spot for two of the subordinate characters, a husband and wife who have been indifferent to each other during nine years of married life, to fall deeply in love with one another; but the fortunes of the pretty little heroine are luckily soon transplanted to **Paris**, and the proper sentimental climax is reached, after a due number of obstacles have been overcome. The brisk, gay Parisian atmosphere makes a very pleasant antidote to german sentiment, and several of the characters who are involved in the history of Stella's fortunes are sketched with humor and vivacity. The hero is somewhat less terrible than most german heroes. He is 35, and of course gray, and has the interesting temperament which seems to be always associated with premature grayness. Without, he is all indifference, within, all ardor, and we leave the pretty young heroine at last in his hands with entire confidence. The telling of the tale goes easily and smoothly, and we are sure that most girls under 20 and women over 50 will pronounce it 'a very pretty story'." [American. 441

ERNEST CARROLL [by H. GREENOUGH: *Ticknor*, 1859.] "is not so much a novel as a narrative, pleasantly unfolded, with much anecdote, many choice bits of art-gossip and descriptions of life and scenery in Italy

and Austria." [Religious Mag. 442
ESAU RUNSWICK. [*Putnam*, 1882.] An abridged and altered edition of **A FAITHFUL LOVER**. 443

ESTELLE RUSSELL [by M. A. OLNEY: *Harper*, 1870.) "is a uniformly readable novel. Its scene is laid, for the most part, in **Toulouse**, and the author gives us some delightful pictures of society among the french Protestants of that famous town. [Boston "Lit. World." 444

ESTHER'S FORTUNE. [by LUCY CECILIA (WHITE) (LILLIE) HARTE: *Porter & Coates*, 1889.] "Our sympathies are awakened at the outset in favor of the dejected-looking american girl of 18, left alone in a **Munich** apartment with a hired piano, a porcelain stove, a small bed with a suffocating coverlet, a single roll of bread, and empty pockets. This is Esther Bradford; the story is of 'Esther's Fortune.' Miss Esther finds friends in need among the Munich professors, good-hearted fellows soaked in music, beer, and human kindness. A Miss Lisle takes her to **London** as 'companion'. Here she makes the acquaintance of many pleasant people and places, is lionized as a singer and discovers hitherto unknown relatives. She helps to start homes for poor girls in the metropolis, falls in love with and marries a celebrated scientist, and bids us adieu in a fine, old-fashioned garden, holding our sympathy to the last." [Critic. 445

EUNICE LATHROP, SPINSTER [by ANNETTE LUCILLE NOBLE: *Putnam*, 1882.] "is clever and amusing. The spinster heroine is a jolly little woman, kindly affectioned towards most of the human race, and as unlike the typical 'old maid' as possible. . .

ELSA [by E. McQUEEN GRAY: *Harper*, 1892] "is one of those delightful old-fashioned novels with a love-story pure and simple and all the adjuncts to the furtherance and hindrance of the same. The scene is laid chiefly in **Venice**. There is Elsa, whose mother was Italian and whose father is Austrian, pure in spirit and with a marvelous voice; there is the morose old father; there is Somerled the Englishman, an artist who loves Elsa; there is the baroness, an ex-ballet dancer, who in her vain and silly fashion devotes herself to Elsa's fortunes; there is Kramer, the little Munich artist who sentimentalizes about beer and love in the same breath; there is the Princess Morini, old and bitter, with the thirst for vengeance in her heart, giving 'Wednesday evenings' to which everyone comes, in spite of her ill-humor; there is Francesco Savarni, the villain of the tale, who oppresses Elsa after her father dies, and upon whom to be avenged the Princess has lived until she is 83; and finally there is Antonio the gondolier, silent and discreet. And out of this material the author has made a story which is charming in scene and conversation, absorbing in interest, absolutely true in its premises, even if its conclusions are sometimes a trifle exaggerated and theatrical,—artistic in arrangement, and healthful and objective in tone—a story so little modern, so unlike some of the monstrosities of realism, as to command our genuine admiration." [Critic. 440 k

A good story, told in an unusually brief and pleasant manner." [Penn Monthly.] "Eunice Lathrop has some incidents so sensational that we should have passed it by but for the very pretty sketching in the earlier chapters. The pictures of the life of the country minister and his daughter are very delicate." [Nation.] "It has a Massachusetts beginning and end; a London middle; an Atlantic voyage; a selfish man between 2 lovely women, who could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away; a silent lover, who comes into his inheritance only on the last page, and an English widow who dies abruptly of a pistol shot under circumstances which point to a murder and nearly get the halter around an innocent man's neck. There is also the 'widow's' whimsical founding, a very amusing creation with old-fashioned ideas, blunt talk, and Papistical devotions; and Eunice Lathrop, a knowing spinster of the true New England type. The story has originality, wit, vivacity, and well drawn characters. The style is careless, however. . . There is nothing better in the book than the chapters describing Mrs. Cudlip's **London** boarding-house, which are written feelingly. The author's individuality is marked; a twinkle in her eye and a droll inflection to her voice bring the reader at once into a merry mood, and she certainly amuses." [Boston "Lit. World."] **446**

EUROPEANS. The [by H: JAMES: *Houghton*. 1878.] "We have here a brother and sister of mixed Swiss and American parentage, who have passed all their lives (they are both in the neighborhood of 30) on the Continent. The sister, Eugenia, has made a morганatic marriage with a German prince,

which the reigning family desires to annul; and the brother, Felix, tho a pleasant fellow and a clever artist, is virtually a penniless adventurer; so the two come to seek their fortune among their American cousins. These prove to be people of wealth and the highest respectability, living puritanically and yet with dignified abundance at a fine old country-seat, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Boston, and the equable currents of suburban life are of course terribly disturbed by this unlooked-for foreign intrusion. In the end, Felix wins and carries away to the Parisian heaven the younger and more enterprising of his pretty cousins; while Eugenia, after a course of the most finished coquetry with a gentleman retired from the India trade, returns as she came. [Atlantic.]—"The picture of the Wentworths, as a typical American family, is an achievement of genius, and is sufficient of itself to lift the story into the domain of genuine creative art. . . Equally skilful in the execution and much happier as a conception is the character of her brother, Felix Young—American by parentage, European by birth and nurture, and Bohemian by profession and practice. He is the apostle, exponent, type, and exemplar of happiness as a creed and as a standard of conduct; and his influence upon the story is similar to that of a joyous smile upon a beautiful human face. The contrast between European and American life on their moral side, as exemplified by the baroness, is only hinted at by the author; but we have reason to be grateful for the protest which Felix Young embodies against the ascetic ideals, the hyper-puritanic standards, the strained conscientiousness, and

the distrust of everything which takes the semblance of pleasure for pleasure's sake, which make american life, in spite of a certain austere nobleness and purity, the most colorless, joyless, fysically wearing and mentally exhausting, in the world." [Appletons'. 447

EXILES. The. [by 'Talvi', i. e., THERESE (VON JAKOB) ROBINSON: N. Y., 1854]= "The story describes the varied fortunes, in this country, of a couple of German emigrants, from the hier walks of society, who after a series of painfully disastrous events, find a tragic winding-up of their history in a remote town of Vermont. The most striking merits of the book are its vivid and subtle delineations of passion, the admirable fidelity of its character-drawing, its frequent touches of pathos, its graphic and effective descriptions of nature, and its life-like, home-like pictures of american manners." [Harper's. 448

FACE TO FACE [by RO. GRANT: Scribner, 1886.] "is an amusing story in which the surface characteristics of english and american life are played with; but does not the author americanize his young woman a little too deeply?" [Atlantic. 449

FAIR BARBARIAN (A) [by F.. [ELIZA] (HODGSON) BURNETT: 1876? Osgood, 1881.] "begins with the surprise of Miss Belinda Bassett at the unexpected arrival of an unknown niece from 'Meriker', with 6 trunks. Five of these trunks were sent to the attic; there was room for one only in Miss Belinda's little spare chamber, of which the 'fair barbarian', Octavia Bassett, proceeded to take unconcerned possession. Octavia's father is Miss Belinda's brother, who had emigrated 30 years before 'to get a place

where a fellow could stretch himself', and she had not seen him since. Her mother was a San Francisco actress, who died when she was born. Octavia has learned that she was a great favorite and 'awfully pretty', and herself wears diamonds, silken trains and satin furbelows, as it were, in memory of her. With her finery, her history, and her freedom of speech and manner, she overwhelms Aunt Belinda. But the aunt is quite as much fascinated as stunned, and listens to Octavia's stories of her father's silver mines, with a degree of interest approaching awe. In fact, her experiences with Octavia amount to a succession of shocks, which in turn communicate themselves to the nêbors, until Slowbridge is shaken to its foundations. Miss Pilcher's select seminary for young ladies is set on fire with the tung of gossip. The public curiosity, criticism, and censure find a general leader in Lady Theobald, a giantess of the social world, with a pretty grand-dauter, Lucia. Lucia's destiny is mariage with Mr. Burmiston, the much detested agent of the Slowbridge Mills; while in the end Octavia caps the climax of her original and independent career by marrying one Jack Belasys." [Boston "Literary World." 450

FAITHFUL LOVER (A) [by K.. S. MACQUOID: Hurst, 1882.] "is a tale half French, half English, of an old man cramped and embittered by early disappointment, but won back to forgiveness and charity at last by the loving tenderness of his niece. Mrs. Macquoid has plenty of materials with which to fill in the details of her work." [Nation] See No. 448. 451

FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS (The) [by R: GRANT WHITE:

FAILURE OF ELIZABETH (The)

[by EMMA F.. POYNTER: *Bentley*, 1890.] "is a pleasing, wholesome story, and Miss Poynter's carefully drawn, distinctiv characters can never fail to arouse interest. Elizabeth belongs to that charming type of fresh, unspoilt girlhood which Miss Poynter knows well how to depict. Sent out alone into the world with the inexperience of 17, it is scarcely surprising that this much neglected girl with her generous impulses should fall in love with the first person who interests himself in her. Unfortunately her hero is an elderly, invalid clergyman of the worst type of vanity and sordid egotism. [Compare plot of Nos. 436 & 452 k.] We are only glad to think that this chapter of her history is finally closed while she is still young, and, we hope, wholesome-minded enough to begin life anew under brighter and more worthy circumstances. Miss Poynter gives a humorous description of life in a **German pension**, with its uncomfortable economies, and petty jealousies." [Athenæum. 449 t

Houghton, 1884.] "is altogether the most direct and aggressive comparison of english and american society yet published in fiction. It exists merely for the sake of the comparison; the 'story' is well-ni as completely an excuse as in the conversations of 'Evenings at Home', or similar instructive literature. The character-drawing, however, is much more ambitious; and while not in the least a work of genius, is conscientious and consistent, and bears the appearance of truthfulness in the main traits. It must not be inferred from our calling this the most direct and aggressive comparison of English and American society, that it is partial or intemperate; on the contrary, the vues expressed are eminently candid, temperate, and generous. . . The leading thesis is that the best class of thoro-bred americans are full as much gentlemen as the best class of english—whom they closely resemble, as by blood entitled to do. Now it certainly seems a little ignominious for a people, as for an individual, to enter into a discussion as to its good-breeding. Even misrepresentations seem to be met with more dignity by a serene indifference than by discussion. If every english novelist and critic should maintain that all americans are vulgar, it would seem the most gentlemanly rejoinder to say to ourselves 'So much the worse either for England's knowledge or its standards', and continue to produce men, and books, and journals that are not vulgar; if we do this long enuf, no misapprehension can possibly stand against the simple force of fact." [Overland. 452

FLEURANGE, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

FOREGONE CONCLUSION, A.

[by W: D. HOWELLS: *Osgood*, 1875.] "Mr. Howells has lived in Venice till the melancholy beauty of its decay has so taken possession of him that he can describe all fâses of its life more perfectly than any other english pen we know: and against a background of palaces and canals he creates a picture of the drama of love, ever old, yet ever new, which causes a soul to dwell among the shadows of that great past. The american mother and daughter wandering forlorn in forein lands, in quest of the health for the elder which is never found, the artist consul, the priest wearily going throu the round of offices which are a lie to him, and dreaming over his inventions till he wakes to find himself in love with the young girl to whom he has taut Italian, the group of lesser characters, from gondolier to canonico, briefly drawn, but instinct with life, are delineated with the subtle skill of portraiture, keen irony, and delicious style, which makes a new book of Mr. Howells' a literary event. The atmosphere of the 'Queen of the Sea' hangs over all. Those who know Venice inhale its unique beauty again from these pages, and those who have never floated on those still waters, away from the common world, can see its spirit reflected here, as the outlines of its buildings and the hues of its skies are imaged in the canals below them." [Unitarian Review. 453

FOUR MEETINGS. [by H: JAMES, 1879.] "There is another little sketch, which is wonderfully pretty and pathetic, and which he calls 'Four Meetings'. It is the story of a little New-England governess, whose 'dream of life' it has been, as with Bessie Alden, to go to 'Europe,' and who saves her money with a kind of passion

FELICIA. [by MATILDA [BARBARA] BETHAM EDWARDS, London, 1875.]
 "The part of the lady who gives her name to the book is subordinate to that of a morbid clergyman who has unfrocked himself on conscientious grounds and thenceforth is principally occupied with drifting into sentimental relations with various friends of the softer sex. Stickland's moody temperament seems to become more or less gloomy only under the annoying or refreshing influence of these successive flirtations; but his cold nature gives him a most unfair advantage over the ladies, who, one and all, fall in love with him. Felicia, his earliest love, makes the mistake, when he fails to come forward as she expects, of marrying the musical dictator of a little German court, a graceless but not unamusing scoundrel, who neglects and cannot appreciate her. The German life is well described." [Athenæum. 452 k

FORTUNES OF GLENCORE (The)
 [by C: LEVER (1806-72): *Chapman*,
 1857.] "is a very pleasant book. There
 is a flo of hi animal spirits throuôut, and
 the best characters ar usually the gay,
 hot-blooded Irishmen, fond of wild
 horses, whisky, duelling, and pretty
 girls. The scene of the story changes
 from the western coast of Ireland, whêre
 the sea dashes against the castle of the
 Glencores, tō the soft skies of Val
 d'Arno and the sunny shore of the Bay
 of Naples." [Southern Lit. Messenger.

453 k

for this end. She comes to Europe, meets, and is immediately victimized by, an american cousin in France, to whom her money is needful, and goes back again penniless but uncomplaining, having spent but 13 hours in that Europe for which she had so longed. It is cruel. One instinctively puts one's hand in one's pocket, wondering would it not have been possible somehow to make up Miss Caroline Spencer's loss. . . . The picture of the heroine, in its faint colors and delicate outline, is very touching and gives us a pang of sympathy, even tho we feel that the pain is unnecessary, and that surely the american lady at the hotel must have managed some way of making it up to the sufferer." [Blackwood's. 454

FOREIGN MARRIAGE, A. [by VIRGINIA WALES JOHNSON: *Harper*, 1880?] "Some would call it a more powerful story of modern life at Florence than 'The Neptune Vase' is of Siena. It is a reproof of the false ambition of american girls for title-hunting abroad." [Boston "Literary World." 455

FRERES (The) [by "MRS. ALEXANDER," i. e., Annie (French) Hector: *Holt*, 1882.] "is a novel of english life with a german episode, and it is not easy to say which is the better picture,—that of the reduced family in their cheap London lodgings, or the precise, quaint, hospitable, narrow household at Dalbersdorf, and the social and military dignities of the little town of Zittau. Grace Frere, the heroine of the story, is one of those lovable, womanly, possible women, whom "Mrs. Alexander" has the art of depicting and making real, without any insistent analysis or description. The family group of which she makes

a part is all admirably done." [Boston "Literary World." 456

GABRIELLE DE BOURDAINE [by LILY (HEADLAND) SPENDER: *Harper*, 1882.] "is a prettily told story of life on one of the Channel Islands. A side episode of secret passages and mysterious chambers adds nothing to the interest of it, which centres in Gabrielle and her father, a frenchman of strangely fallen fortunes." [Nation. 457

GENTLE BELLE (A) [by "CHRISTIAN REID", i. e., F. E. (F.) Tiernan: *Appleton*, 1878.] "opens in Florence with an english gentleman dying, leaving a pet daughter behind him. Her life the story follows throu the usual variety of joys and sorrows, to a happy termination. She has, in some respects, a marked personality, with a strong mind, and very cultivated tastes, and the development of her character under discipline is the author's leading motive." [Boston "Literary World." 458

GIRTON GIRL, A [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Harper*, 1886.] "The title is a misnomer. 'A Would-be Girton Girl', or 'Why Marjorie Bertrand did not go to Girton,' would have been more exact. Nevertheless, we have a pleasant story of the idling life of english people in the picturesque setting of a Channel Island. Tutor and pupils present almost too obvious a combination in the first chapter, but their fortunes are so closely and cleverly interwoven with those of another pair, an artist and the beautiful wife to whose charms he is absurdly blind, that the reader has the chance for a good deal of speculation before the happy ending. . . . In point of style and still more of incident, the book is brisk and attractive." [Nation. 459

GOLDEN DAYS. [by JEANIE HERING: *Cassell*, 1873.] "These 'Golden Days' are a pleasant record of a girl's recollections of her school life in a quiet, quaint german town. It is entertaining, from the first taste of 'the black bread' to the last page, when the narrator takes sorrowful leave of the excellent Frau Alsberg and her school companions. Some of the incidents are more romantic than would or could occur in an english boarding-school; but the tone of the book is good, and so pleasant, that it really proves its claim to be the remembrance of Golden Days." [Athenæum. 460

GOLDEN MEDIOCRITY [by EUGÉNIE (GINDRIEZ) HAMERTON: *Roberts*, 1886.] "is a pleasant story, full of simple and natural feeling, and offers besides a striking picture of the contrast in domestic habits and ideas of french and english people of equal rank and means. Mrs. Pearce, her son (a London literary man), and her niece, spend an autumn holiday in a provincial town in **France**, and become intimate with the family of Mr. Molé, a savant, and a gentleman of some private fortune. Hélène, the pretty daughter of Mr. Molé, is the cleverest of housekeepers and the most skilful of cooks. Nowhere is seen affectation, false pride, anything which fosters extravagant habits: all the members of the french family unite in a thrift and good sense which makes the large, difficult, expensive methods by which english people try to ensure domestic comfort seem the most absurd and unnecessary outlay of time and money. Just enuf of a love-story winds in and out of the narrative to set off the diversities of interests and characters. The book is pleasant

to read, besides being full of animating hints and facts, which, coming as they do from the french wife of one of England's most graceful and suggestive writers, make it well worth reading." [American.]—"It is subdued in tone, but in admirable taste. The interest is gentle but well kept up. Mrs. Hamerton paints the inside of a home. . . A pure and interesting story, which will do much to dissipate american prejudice against the french and to teach american mothers that riches and extravagance are not necessary to elegant and contented lives." [Catholic World. 461

GRETCHEN [by "RITA." i. e. — () Booth: *Lippincott*, 1889.] "tells of a pretty german girl betrayed into a mock marriage by a young englishman with weak eyes, whose clerical friend, Adrian, after much ado, sets things rî. Scene in England, **Germany**, and **Rome**." [Critic.]—"Rita's heroine is suggestively named, but her Faust is no necromancer—only an impulsive, self-pleasing youth, who trifles with ingenuous simplicity, and finds the social consequences too hard to face. A very dainty spirit is that of Margaret von Waldstein, in spite of the passion which ruins her. The theme is sad, but the story is well told." [Athenæum. 462

GUENN. [by B. W. (HOWARD) TEUFEL.] see *ROMANTIC NOVELS*.

HAND & GLOVE. [by AMELIA B. EDWARDS, see *FRENCH NOVELS*.

HEAPS OF MONEY [by W. E. NORRIS: *Holt*, 1882.] "must have been one of his earliest attempts at fiction; and a very charming attempt it is. The plot concerns the adventures of a very interesting young woman who not only desires, but obtains, 'heaps of money.' The scene

HARRY JOSCELYN. [by MA. OLIPHANT (WILSON) OLIPHANT: *Hurst*, 1881.] "When Harry, the youngest son, rushes away into space from the home which is made so intolerable, a chapter of Italian life succeeds which is made as charming and idyllic by the loves of Harry and the young half-English girl he marries, as his first days were gloomy and depressing in the grim mansion on the Fels. By an extraordinary combination of circumstances, aided by his good conduct, he induces the jealously affectionate father of Rita to consent to his daughter's marriage with a man of whose antecedents he knows nothing except that he has quarrelled with his family. Mr. Bonamy's is an excellent portrait. The union of business-like energy with extreme simplicity is very fascinating, and the playful tenderness which subsists between father and daughter is touchingly described. Indeed, the relations between the members of the little party at Livorno are so charming that one is vexed when the inevitable discovery takes place, and Harry's sister Liddy, the "little Liddy" of his boyhood, unearths him in his retirement, and brings about the reconciliation which no doubt is desirable and proper. All this is very well told, and we fully sympathize with the happiness of poor Mrs. Joscelyn in the fairer weather of her declining years; but in spite of our pity for her and respect for her warm-hearted though undemonstrative elder daughter, we prefer Livorno to Westmoreland, and think Paolo, an amusing Italian friend of Harry's, was right in not following the later fortunes of the family." [Athenæum. 462 p

is laid on the Continent [**Dresden**], in part and among the incidents is a cleverly managed affair of honor, in the narration of which Mr. Norris displays the same familiarity and sympathy with the weakness and pettiness of human nature which are the source of so much of the attraction in 'Matrimony', and while he undoubtedly understands its good as well as its bad sides it is over the latter that in his later book he lingers most lovingly... When he wrote 'Heaps of Money' he had observed and reflected less; hence, as a love-story, the earlier is the better of the two. As novels, their positions have to be reversed." [Nation. 463

HEART OF STEEL. (A) [by CHRISTIAN REID: i. e., F.. E. (F.) Tiernan: Appleton, 1883.] "There is in the book much agreeable life among pleasant-mannered people in **Paris** and **Rome**, tho they are never quite interesting, in spite of a good deal of guide-book information that is parcelled out between them. It is fair to say that the information is of much the choicer kind, and it will please a good many people who have not already seen it in Mr. Hare's various books." [Nation. 464

HECTOR [by FLORA L. SHAW. Roberts, 1881.] "may be described as an english flower grown on french soil, since Hector is a little orphan, who is sent to **France** for awhile, and has fine times at Saleret with the cousin Zélie who tells the story, with Grand-mère, with Madelon the servant, with Esquebessé the hunter and his 2 dogs, with Baptiste the miller, and with Marie-Anne the miller's maid. There is always a charm in french landscape, character, and incident; and this book has that charm in its most refined and delicate forms. It is altogether a

sweet and pretty tale, and girls of tender heart will be in love with the handsome Hector from the frontispiece on." [Boston "Lit. World." 465

HER PICTURE [by P. G. HAMERTON (?): Roberts, 1883.] "is a french story, the action beginning at a château near **Pau**, and being transferred afterward to **Paris** and then to a country-house at Montrémy; while there is a painter in it, and pictures, and sweet music, and a good many lines and tints which suggest Mr. Hamerton, without anything, however, which equals the fotografic distinctness and dramatic power of 'Marmorne'. . . There are a number of lively people in the book, of a Parisian sort: there is an enfant terrible, who makes some amusement; there is a crusty old millionaire who dies at the rīt time and leaves his money in the rīt place; there is a good deal of merry society incident and party conversation; there are some pleasing pictures of french life; there is no villain or villainy. The story is refined and agreeable." [Boston "Lit. World." 466

HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. (A) [by MA. O. (W.) OLIPHANT: Blackwood, 1886.] "The contrast between the perfect simplicity of a refined life in the seclusion of a little town in Italy, and the artificial existence in the great world of London society, is very cleverly presented. . . Frances Waring is a young girl living in **Bordighera** with her father, who is a lonely scholar. She knows nothing of her past history. The few people she knows occasionally go 'home,'—and frequently talk of 'home,' but her father never goes home, and never talks of it either, and Frances dares not ask him. She devotes herself to her father's comforts.

He is not above being particular about his dinner, and, in fact, is a selfish man of the shy and sensitive type. In her spare time, she sketches and reads, somewhat aimlessly perhaps; but her life, if it is secluded, is a thoroughly healthful and natural one. Suddenly it changes entirely. . . And so it gradually dawns upon poor Frances that she has a mother and a sister of whom she had never heard. How gradually it dawns upon her through the impatience of the stranger her sister, and the half-ashamed, half-ludicrous confessions of her father, is inimitably told and described. Equally good is the description of the consternation of the little English colony, for any one 'in such a small community' to have a wife alive and never let any one know, was 'not quite respectable.' 'Bless me!' says the general; 'if the wife's all rit, what does the man mean? Why can't they quarrel peaceably, and keep up appearances as we all do?' [Spectator.] This novel is a sequel to "A Country Gentleman," for notice of which see Descriptive List of English Novels. 467

HYPERION. By H: WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: Boston, 1839.

IN A WINTER CITY. [by "OUIDA," i. e. L. de La Ramé: *Lippincott*, 1876.] "There is but little doubt that in the future this accomplished writer will be devoting her attention to tales with a distinct moral purpose, if not to the composition of tracts; at present, however, she employs herself in amassing material for future repentance. It would be superfluous to say that she writes like a rowdy who has a certain feeling for things pathetic. In this novel, with a great deal of more than useless filigree, she nar-

rates with some skill the love of an Italian duke for an immensely wealthy English widow, who loses her fortune when she marries again. 'Ouida' manages, in spite of all her faults, to make the people seem at times like something more than dissipated dolls." [Nation. 468

IN CHANGE UNCHANGED [by LINDA (WHITE) (MAZINI) VILLARI: *Holt*, 1877.] "is a graceful story. The author uses her advantage of double nationality with a taste and skill which reminds us of 'Quits' and 'The Initials'. The heroine is a lovely young English widow named Edith Henderson, who going abroad for a Roman winter, and drifting towards Florence in the spring, finds at Bellosguardo, first an art, next an aunt, and lastly a lover. We leave her made happy in these 3 discoveries. We are treated to a bit run into the Dolomite region, and there are telling bits of description here and there, but these are subordinated to the human interests, and the most picturesque part of the book lies in the tenderly sketched little home at Bellosguardo, and its sweet, helpful inmate; a picture which more than one Florence habitué will recognize with a smile as being from life. We commend this pleasant story as full of interest." [Boston "Literary World." 469

IN THE WRONG PARADISE. [by ANDREW LANG: *Harper*, 1887.] "It might be difficult to persuade many good people that Mr. Lang ever had a serious thought, except the unrighteous one of ridiculing missionaries in the person of the Rev. Thomas Gowles and in his adventures among the Phæacians. The Rev. Gowles is indeed rather a caricature, but some measure of his cant, ignorance, and conceit is

HOUSE OF THE MUSICIAN
 (The). [by VIRGINIA WALES JOHNSON:
 Boston, *Ticknor*, 1887.] “The title
 does not describe a character in the story
 but the scene of the narrative, which is
 in **Venice**, whither a young Dutch
 artist goes to ply his calling, and by a
 strange web of circumstances is carried
 deep into the romance of one of the
 most entrancing of cities. There is a
 good deal of merit in this book. It is
 rather excessively sentimental, but it is
 written in a good style and especially
 gives a charming series of pictures of
 life in Venice.” [American. **467 h**

HUGH MOORE. [by EVELYN STONE : *Blackwood*, 1885.] "A yacht in the Ionian seas, a golden evening in Corfu, the English owner of the yacht and his companion, younger son of an Irish lord, a wily consul, and his pretty daughter, with the intriguing spirit of her Levantine mother strongly developed — such is the opening scene and such are the leading characters of this acceptable story. The impressionable young Irishman is the hero whose adventures are related in terse English, studded with natural incidents and dialogs. There is nothing out of the ordinary beat in Hugh Moore's experiences, and when the reader knows that there are more heroines than one he may make a tolerably confident surmise as to the development of the plot which dates its origin from that autumn trip in the Mediterranean." [Athenæum.]

467 p

HYPERION. [by H: WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW: N.-Y., *Coleman*, 1839.]

"The hero, a young American, oppressed with grief for the loss of a friend, makes a tour to **Germany**. Here he passes some time with a young Baron, and then sets out for Switzerland. He falls in love there and is rejected — but the tone of his mind becomes, finally, restored, and the book leaves him on the eve of returning to his native land. This is the story, but the story is merely the vehicle for beautiful simile, aphorism, thought and description." [Southern Lit. Messenger.

467 t

unfortunately too frequently found in those who undertake to Christianize the heathen, whether at home or abroad." [Nation. 470

INDIAN SUMMER. [by W: DEAN HOWELLS: *Ticknor*, 1886.] "We do not know why the critic should hesitate to call this the most wholly charming thing which Mr. Howells has given us. It is true that he has written a considerable number of volumes which may stand as so many protests against such a judgment, but there is not an 'Indian Summer' among them. It is not a book to analyse; it is a book to enjoy. To inquire why this lit. slenderly-plotted, gay, wise story satisfies every sense with which we taste good literature, would be as impertinent as to challenge the source of a flower's perfume. His hero is older than the conscientious, admirable young men of the early novels, and the writer's outlook upon life is that of a man older than the author of 'A Chance Acquaintance.' but the increased age of both is the reverse of a loss, and we fancy that, like Imogene, no one will like Colville the less for having lived past certain things, or even for his rheumatic twinges and his sleepiness after evening parties. Colville is, to our sense, one of the most thoroughly likable figures in fiction. His humorous goodness, his serious honesty of purpose,—which for not the first time in history accomplishes its aims less straitforwardly than its owner intends,—his nobility of heart, his tireless amiability of spirit, above all, if we may venture to say it, his habit of taking life with all earnestness, yet with a drollery which gives to all living a pleasant savor,—these excellent qualities make such a man as any of us might be glad to

know. . . Mr. Howells' art in painting womankind had never ampler opportunity than in this volume. Mrs. Bowen, Imogene Graham, and that dainty little woman, Effie Bowen, are as complete and characteristic creations as he has given us. Imogene's romantic girlishness, her womanly self-abnegation, her ingenuousness, her simplicity, and her ignorant culture are mingled without confusion, and with the consent of the reader's understanding, in a thoroughly real young girl. Mrs. Bowen is less directly rendered by a series of delicate touches, but she is not less successful; while Effie, after Colville, is the triumph of the book. She is a child of a sort not altogether common in America, unfortunately,—the very pink of propriety, of obedience, of all the childish virtues. Her friendship with Colville one would say is as prettily done as anything of the kind in fiction, if there were anything quite like it in fiction. The story ends as the old-fashioned reader would have it. That is the manner in which Mr. Howells sometimes refuses to have it; but when it is so it is because life too would not have had it so." [Church Review.]—It may be called a demonstration of the difference between youth and middle age. Theodore Colville, the leading man, is, at 40, still young in spirit, and is rather than not disposed to vote himself as belonging among young people, until he forms an intimate relation with an undoubted young one, whereupon the emptiness of his claim to youth becomes apparent. Twenty years before the time of the tale Colville had had a serious affair of the heart, in which he was worsted; after this lapse of a double decade we find him at Florence

again where the early romance had been acted, and thrown accidentally into the company of a widow of his age, who had been a friend of the girl who had jilted him, and who knew all the circumstances of that affair. Thus Mrs. Bowen and Colville, both being lonely and heart hungry, seem in a manner providentially brôt together, and they are very adequately matched; but the game becomes curiously crossed. With Mrs. Bowen comes also on the scene a charmer of the young generation, and before long the luckless Colville is in the toils of a second Florence engagement, not however, with the results of anger, bitterness and disenchantment of the first. He is a lover throu circumstances rather than by intention, and, in the end, this romance, too, is violently closed, but to the satisfaction of all parties, and 'Colville' marries the widow, the woman who suits him, who is suitable for him, and whom, if he had but known it, he had loved from the first. As we have said, this seems sliter than it is. The art with which these conflicting passions, attractions, resentments, humors, are indicated is just as perfect as anything in the best of Mr. Howells' work. Especially engaging are Colville's easy-natured tolerance, as we may call it, of life; the intense enthusiasm of the girl, Imogene Graham; and the sweetness of the child Effie, who is the unconscious instrument, at the close, of arranging matters in their proper shape." [American. 471

INGEMISCO. [by "Fadette," i. e. MARIAN COLHOUN LEGARÉ REEVES: *Blelock*, 1867.] "No one who knows anything of Southern literature will be surprised to hear that we took up this novel without great expectations

of pleasure or profit. We confess to an agreeable disappointment. There is, to be sure, one very reprehensible Yankee in it, whose feet are of enormous extent, who is extremely ill-mannered, who speaks throu his nose and refers to the battle of Lexington; but he has nothing to do with the story and he fills but a very small space. We must not begrudge the Southern patriot who encourages literature something for his money, and we get off easily if we are made to swallow the Yankee alone. We mît have had 'the true Southern gentleman'. The Baroness Tautphœus has been the exemplar whom the author of 'Ingemisco' has followed, and she has learned something of that admirable writer's charm. The scene of her story is Switzerland and Bavaria; her characters are a wealthy Scotch family with two human daughters, and certain foreigners, counts and peasants, whom they meet abroad; and the story tells how the hi-spirited Margaret, betrothed to a good young gentleman whom she rather liked, fell in love with Count Zalkiewski and was by him loved and married. There is much pleasant-reading in the accounts, full of little details of Swiss and German life, of excursions which the party make in Switzerland and Bavaria; the love affairs of Margaret and Harry May and the counts Zalkiewski and Falkenstein are very well managed; the people who talk and act are living people; the author's style is good, and in dialog unusually good. The whole effect of the novel is healthful, cheerful, and every way pleasant. 'Fadette' is not the Baroness Tautphœus; but even the echo of a sweet sound is good." [Nation. 472

INITIALS. (The) [by JEMIMA

(MONTGOMERY) VON TAUTPHÖUS: *Bentley,—Peterson, 1850.*] "We have seldom had occasion to welcome a reprint with more unqualified satisfaction; it comes to us like a friend who won the admiration of our earlier days, and the appreciation of whose worth the experience of maturer years confirms. At the time of its first publication this work was much read, and excited considerable interest and high praise. The style is easy, fluent, and occasionally picturesque, and the variety of incident, minuteness of detail, fidelity of delineation, and marked individuality of the several characters prove the accurate observation of the authoress as well as her excellent powers of description.—'The Initials' is a narrative of events occurring in everyday life in Bavaria, and is at once interesting, amusing, and in all respects probable; young people can get nothing but good from reading it, while those of all ages may profit by some of its lessons. The plot of the story is very simple, and consists mainly of the experiences of a young englishman who travels in Germany for the purpose of acquiring the language and, at the same time, of gaining some worldly knowledge. And his ignorance of everything concerning the country he is visiting affords the author an opportunity of imparting information concerning the opinions, government, and domestic habits of the dwellers in that land.—That Hamilton, with his pride of family and great expectations, should fall in love with a handsome german girl without any social position may not seem to be improbable, but that his admiration should be enduring to the extent of sacrificing his prospects in life by marrying her, would, at first

glance, appear doubtful, and yet the reader who has noted throughout the high moral tone, the strength of Hildegard's intellect, her refinement, accomplishments, and extreme beauty must feel that the character of Hamilton rises in dignity from his appreciation of hers, and cannot fail to recognize the sterling qualities which render him not only capable of self-sacrifice, but worthy of her devotion." [Round Table].—"Miss Braddon may do her worst, and Victor Hugo in translation may do his; but while 'The Initials' holds its own, there need be little fear of an utter perversion of the taste of the fiction-loving public. We venture even to set the new edition of this charming story against the 1000- and-1 editions of Mrs. Southworth's novels, published by the same house, and to find a little balance to their credit as purveyors for american readers. Stronger testimony in favor of 'The Initials' will hardly be required of us; but we are free to add that few novels have remained at once so fresh and so delightful in our memory, and that we do not know where to turn for a more pleasing love-story in a thoroughly realistic setting. We like it better than any other of baroness Tautphœus' works, and we hope and expect to see our opinion of it confirmed by the latest generation of which we shall have cognizance." [Nation. 473

INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.
(An) [by H: JAMES: *Harper, 1879.*] "It is the turn of his countrymen to be specially pleased with his last performance, because in it he has drawn the best kind of american girl,—gentle, proud, hi-minded, beautifully bred, and fair to see, as a matter of course.—who cannot for her life love

a british peer because he is a peer, tho most amiably disposed toward him, and keenly susceptible with regard to the picturesque accessories and historic dignity of his position. The comedy has two acts, the first of which takes place in New-York and Newport, where the marquis of Lambeth and his cousin, Mr. Percy Beaumont, arrive in August, 'the season for watermelons and Englishmen,' and are received, and entertained with a lavish hospitality which is also uncalculating, altho the noble visitors cannot believe it so. . . . When the curtain rises upon them in England, they have undergone the most striking transformation. Mrs. Westgate has dropped her twaddle, and is full of spirit, finesse, epigram; Miss Bessie has developed into a model of maidenly dignity, capable of leading the story to the dénouement foreshadowed above." [Atlantic. 474

JET [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Appleton*, 1878.] "scrambles gaily throu the debatable land of shabby forein society, and carries a gleam of youth and innocence with her". . . [Nation. 475

JOHN DORRIEN. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Appleton*, 1875.] "The many admirers of Miss Kavanagh's 'Nathalie' will welcome in advance her new novel. It is a French story, tho its principal personage is english. We cannot follow out the plot, which is fresh and interesting. All the principal personages are life-like and individual." [Boston "Lit. World." 476

KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE. The [by W. M. THACKERAY: *Smith*, 1850.] "Everybody who has gone up the Rhein must have encountered Kickleburys by the score:—my lady the mother, steeped to the chin in

worldly vulgarity—Mrs. Milliken her warlike, and the fair Fanny, her loving and lovely dauter.—not to speak of the courier, Hirsch, and the tall footman Bowman.—the last a figure as constant in Mr. Titmarsh's tale as a white horse is in a picture by Wouvermans. Not every one, however, who sees Kickleburys is able to describe them in all the length and breadth of their grandeur and of their smallness." [Athenæum. 477

KINGS IN EXILE, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

KISMET. [by "G. FLEMING," i.e., Julia [Constance] Fletcher: *Roberts*, 1877.] "As long as there are readers who care for a novel packed from cover to cover with interesting scenes,—a promising flirtation which ripens into enthusiastic love-making by which 3 persons are in turn made miserable, so long such books as 'Kismet' will be liked. The scene of the story is the Nile, the characters are for the most part voyagers on that river, and descriptions of the wonders which line its shores make an imposing background to the litness of the incidents. The setting of the story makes the book really impressive; the scenery is brôt before the reader not in the way a topographical map is constructed, but by dexterous touches which show that the anonymous author can rise above recording the vicissitudes of a more or less conventional courtship. But a good many writers have shipwrecked just at that,—which seems so easy and is really so hard. All the good scenery in the world will not make a dull novel entertaining; but when, as in the case here, the story is interesting, the reader can only be grateful for everything thrown in over measure."

[Lippincott's.

478

KNIGHT ERRANT [by EDNA LYALL, i. e., Ada Ellen Bayly: *Appleton*, 1888.] "while a somewhat hysterical performance, is a novel not without power. It has a very marked motive in the feeling of the leading part, and the narrative is fresh, varied, and picturesque. The hero sacrifices his love and hope of happiness to secure the reputation and prosperity of his sister. The sacrifice is made to appear not altogether unreasonable, while it has proper elevation and pathos. The story has, moreover, an art atmosphere, and 'musical people' may read it with interest. But when all is said it is not restful, as a really good book is sure to be, but feverish." Scene **Naples**. [American.

479

KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST (The) [by G. DENIO LITCHFIELD: *Putnam*, 1885.] "is a pencil sketch, only, a piece of half-hour work, but it is drawn with dash and spirit, with firmness and vigor, and its life-likeness and animation go far toward condoning for a certain loudness of accent in the delineation of one of the characters. . . Two young american ladies are journeying with their Aunt Sarah by way of Cöln to Rippoldsau in the Black Forest. . . On reaching the hotel at Rippoldsau, the girls first are treated to the apparition of a real german count, and next are overtaken by an american friend, the lover of Lois, who has come all the way across the water to declare himself. Henceforth the story is a lit and amusing comedy between the count and the american on one side, and the girls on the other; Betty having a decided taste for a flirtation under these romantic circumstances,

the count being not at all averse to such an amusement for a passing hour, and Prentiss & Lois having a more serious time of it. Which of the two men proved to be the true Knight we will leave the book itself to tell." [Boston "Lit. World." 480

LA BEATA [by T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE: *Chapman*, 1861.] "is a novel of which there is nothing to say but what is good. It is a charming story; and tho the theme is as old as the world, it has the eternal and ever-renewed freshness of life. The story required to be very skilfully handled; and in his management of poor Beata the author has shown himself an artist as well as a thōro gentleman. . . Poor Beata is not a lawful wife, nor has she been 'deceived,' as the frase is; but she is so young and unconscious of having done anything wrong, that she has not, even when abandoned, an idea that she has anything to repent of, but she sits down patiently and submissively, without a touch of bitterness, under desertion, privation, and misery. 'La Beata' is not perfect, poor darling! But her loyal, trusting affection, her uncomplaining gentleness, draw the heart of the reader to her more than if she had possessed hīer qualities. Her ignorance is kept clear of every tinge of foolishness, and her sorrow is not in the least wearisome. She is, far away, the most touching heroine we have met with since 'Eva' in Maturin's novel of 'Pour et Contre'—a novel few of the present generation are likely to have read." [Athenæum.] —"It takes those familiar with its scene as completely into the life and moral atmosphere of **Florence**, as does 'The Vicar of Wakefield' into the rural life of England before the days of

railways and cheap journalism. The streets, the dwellings, the people and incidents are so truly described, the perspective is so correct, and the foreground so elaborate, that with the faithful local coloring and naive truth of the characters, we seem, as we read, to be lost in a retrospective dream.—tho more so as there is an utter absence of the sensational and rhetorical in the style, which is that of direct and unpretending narrative. The heroine is a saintly model tho at the same time a thoroughly human girl,—such a one as the artistic, superstitious, frugal and simple experience of her class and of the place could alone have fostered; the artist-hero is no less characteristic,—a selfish, clever, amiable, ambitious, and superficial Italian, while the old wax-candle manufacturer, with his domicile, dauter and church relations, is a genuine Florentine of his kind. . . . An English family delineated without the least exaggeration, and with the striking contrasts such visitors always present to the native scene and people of Italy, adds to and emphasizes the salient traits of the story.” [Atlantic. 481

LAKEVILLE. see NOVELS OF AMERICAN CITY LIFE.

LA MARCHESA. [by PAUL HEYSE: *Stock*, 1887.] “Everyone who knows anything of contemporary German literature is familiar with some, at least, of the ‘Novellen’ of Paul Heyse. They are the most finished works of art which have been produced in Germany during the lifetime of the present generation. In all of them the writer seeks to be true to the facts of life, but that does not mean—as it means in the case of so many writers who claim to be exceptionally faithful interpreters of reality

—that he devotes attention only to commonplace or disagreeable elements of human nature. His aim is to penetrate to the inmost recesses of striking types of character, and to give vivid representations of ideas which appeal powerfully to the imagination. No living writer, either in Germany or elsewhere, surpasses him in the skill with which he makes a short story an adequate medium for the expression of fresh and brilliant conceptions, and the variety of his tales is not less remarkable than the strength, grace, and purity of their style.” Scene, the Riviera. [Athenæum. 482

LATIN QUARTER COURTSHIP, (A) [by “SIDNEY LUSKA.” i. e., H: Harland: *Cassell*, 1889.] “Both books have the charm which can come only from a wholesome and generous talent dealing with the perennial interest of young love. They are very sweet; they are pure and fine. Perhaps the character in ‘A Latin Quarter Courtship’ is a little more delicately touched; after a year the young lady doctor and the very American painter in Paris survive in our thôt as figures treated with subtle art to an effect of delitful humor.” [Howells. 483

LAVINIA [by G. [D.] RUFFINI: N. Y., *Rudd*, 1861.] “is extremely interesting. . . . The narrative flows easily, and is sufficiently broken by dialog, diary, and epistle to secure variety, and prevent attention from flagging. The scene shifts frequently, and we are transferred from one place to another, and from one set of characters to another, but without unpleasant violence. . . . The plot is intricate, without being annoying; and tho the general destiny of the hero and heroine, with the principal second-

any characters. is fairly foreshadowed. yet the exact way in which justice is to be done. and the fates are to be compelled. is held in abeyance almost to the last. The characters are admirably sustained.—Paolo, the democratic Italian artist. Thornton. his friend and mentor. Du Genre. the French realist. Salvator Rosa and his betrothed. the Spanish Countess. and her dogs. the Bishop Rodiparni; the brace of Roman swindlers. the english Mr. Jones and his wife. and. above all. the charming. mercurial. romantic. and worldly Lavinia." [Christian Examiner. 484

LEAH. [by ANNIE EDWARDS: *Sheldon*, 1875.] "Mrs. Edwards has the advantage of being in her line decidedly clever. This line is the Continental english of damaged reputation—the adventurers. the gamblers and escaped debtors. the desperate economists. the separated wives. the young ladies without mammas who smoke cigarettes and 'compromise' themselves with moustachioed foreigners. . . Mrs. Edwards. as we say. is clever; she infuses a certain force of color into her picture of shabby gentility and anglo-foreign Bohemia. She describes in these pages. with a good deal of ingenuity and vividness. an english boarding-house in the Rue Castiglione [Paris] and if Thackeray has been before her in 'Philip' this is hardly her fault. All women at heart. says the familiar axiom. love a rake; whether or no the author of Leah loves hers we cannot say. but she portrays them with a good deal of discretion. The distinguished. depraved. and impecunious Lord Stair is the best-drawn figure in the present volume." [Nation. 485

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

[by F. E. (TERNAN) TROLLOPE: *Harper*, 1883.] "has a tragic incident. but deals mainly with commonplace people tho the latter set off very well english commonplace against italian or rather roman types. which. if exceptional from english standpoints. are ordinary enuf in so mixed a world as Rome. Nobody has any money to speak of; the burden of riches. the ostentation of wealth. the hard brutal force of it in the second-class novel. are repulsive." [Nation. 486

LIL LORIMER. [by "THEO. GIFT," i. e., Dora Henrietta (Havers) Boulger: *Appleton*, 1887.] "A year or two ago we read this book with great pleasure; now we have re-read it with undiminished enjoyment. We have here plot. originality. picturesqueness. brilliancy. tenderness and humor. 'Lil' is the story of a poor little english Daisy Miller. bred by hand—by which we mean a father's hand. unguided by a mother's heart—in South-America. There is a touch of the author's skill in the mere title of the book. She gives. with the fine literary daring of one who means to interest you in her methods rather than in her ingenuity. the married name of her heroine on the cover: so that you know. when you begin the story. that Lil Hardy is to marry not Melville. nor Pedro. but Max Lorimer. The whole story is as clever and entertaining as this bit of literary courage would lead us to expect. The local color of the home in Uruguay is delightful. the transition to England. with the same people set in new situations. gives admirable opportunity for study of character vs. environment; and the character drawing is very skilful. from the faulty but sweet little heroine and faulty but attractive hero. to the over-

LIKES AND DISLIKES. [Oxford. *Parker*, 1858.] "Two-thirds of this volume are occupied with an account of a family tour in Germany. . . . Altho the plot is the simplest conceivable — being summed up in the popular phrase, who would have thought it? — an interest is gradually created which is sustained to the last chapter. As to the continental wanderings of the Marsdens and the Digbys, they supply at once the basis of a charming domestic tale, and of a most intelligent narrative of travel, for we seldom meet with criticism so suggestive, or gossip so pleasant, in the diaries of ordinary tourists. . . . The book is full of grace and fascination." [Leader. **486 h**

proud James Carnegie and the wonderfully sweet and womanly Alice." [Critic. 487

LITTLE PETER, by "LUCAS MALET" see *List of French Novels*.

LOVE OR MARRIAGE by W. BLACK, see *List of English Novels*.

MABEL STANHOPE [by KATHLEEN O'MEARA: Roberts, 1886.] "is a story of life in a french boarding-school, and the consequences of this life. Charlotte Brontë made a morbid and over-colored study of the french [belgian?] pensionnat in 'Villette' but the ill-nature of it, and the false reasoning, make 'Villette' a sad book in spite of its genius. Miss O'Meara, having gotten nearer to truth and nature, paints her picture with the colors of life. . . Madame St. Simon is drawn with scrupulous truth to nature. This picture and another—that of Miss Jones, the starving english governess—are excellently done. . . In contrast to the cold, calculating and merciless Madame St. Simon we are shown the unfortunate Miss Jones, an old maid, ugly, penniless, and homeless, but true, constant, and sincere. Miss Jones is hurried to the grave by madame's parsimonious manner of managing all parts of her establishment not seen by the public. She is a conscientious Protestant, and a pathetic example of invincible ignorance. . . The kindness of Mabel and the girls to her is a beautiful episode. She proves to be a true friend to the heroine when Madame St. Simon's true colors appear, Mabel, having left school, declares to her father her intention of becoming a Catholic; he, enraged, casts her off. She goes to Paris, hoping to find a chance to teach in Madame St. Simon's school. . . Miss Jones dies, not seeing the truth, but

believing according to her lit, and Mabel struggles on alone with temptation and privation. The climax of the book—the discovery of the serpent under the roses of love—is managed without false and exaggerated coloring. Miss O'Meara has done a good thing in giving the world a novel which is pure, natural, and interesting." [Catholic World. 488

MADAME DE MAUVES [in "A PASSIONATE PILGRIM," by H. JAMES: Osgood, 1875.] "In 'Madame de Mauves' the spring of the whole action is the idea of an american girl who will have none but a french nobleman for her husband. It is not, in her, a vulgar adoration of rank, but a girl's belief that ancient lineage, circumstances of the hiest civilization, and opportunities of the greatest refinement, must result in the noblest type of character. Grant the premises, and the effect of her emergence into the cruel daylight of facts is unquestionably tremendous: Baron de Mauves is frankly unfaithful to his american wife, and, finding her too dismal in her despair, advises her to take a lover. But 'Madame' is the strength of the story, and if Mr. James has not always painted the kind of women which women like to meet in fiction, he has richly atoned in her lovely nature for all default. She is the finally successful expression of an ideal woman which has always been a homage, perhaps not to all kinds of women, but certainly to the sex. We are thinking of the heroine of 'Poor Richard' of Miss Guest in 'Guest's Confession', of Gabrielle de Bergerac in the story of that name, and other gravely sweet girls of this author's imagining. Madame de Mauves is of the same race, and she is the finest,—as truly american as she is womanly;

and in a peculiar fragrance of character, in her purity, her courage, her inflexible hi-mindedness, wholly of our civilization and almost of our climate, so different are her virtues from the virtues of the women of any other nation." [Atlantic. 489

MADAME DE PRESNEL. [by EMMA F. POYNTER: *Holt*. 1885.]

"Those who remember the nameless charm of 'My Little Lady' will welcome 'Madame de Presnel' by the same author; nor will it disappoint them. It is original in plot, graceful and refined in style, interesting throughout. It shows the kind of subtle cleverness which is its great attraction in the title, which is not the name of the heroine, but of the elderly lady who moves the various heroes and heroines to their proper positions on the chess-board. The mingled dignity and rashness of the true heroine are admirably set forth. She is an enthusiast who bears the consequences of ill-judged enthusiasm with the finest courage." [Critic.]—Scene is in **Rome**. "It is a fine example of what can be done to make a deeply interesting story with no appeal to such motives. Hero and heroine are again an elderly man and a very young woman in Italian surroundings, but the difficulties they encounter, the doubts which separate them, are of the kind which often recur in the course of virtuous lives. Youthful enthusiasm that gladly sacrifices itself, maturer judgment which will discharge honorable obligation at any cost, sanguine recklessness, more self-deceived than deceiving—out of these elements are evolved situations that are none the less stimulating because they are elevating. The balance of all the parts and the clearness of the

separate outlines gives a vivid effect to the whole. The side figures are not less attractive than the central group. The young Laure and her Italian husband are delightful. There is no need to credit the author with deep intention of showing the results of mingling classes or races. Such as there is falls naturally into the course of the tale, and it is pleasant to find again that refined, hi-minded side of foreign life, both French and Italian, which had so admirable a presentation in 'Miss Bretherton.'" [Nation. 490

MILLE DE MERSEAC [by W. E. NORRIS: *Holt*. 1880.] "is a story which, it is to be feared, will not be known so well as it deserves. The author is comparatively obscure, but he has written one of the best novels which has appeared for some time. The heroine is a French girl, living, at the time the novel opens, in **Algiers**, and her lovers are two: one a French officer, a man no longer young, who has no very savory reputation, to be sure, but is yet a man of the kindest heart and most tender nature; while the other is a young Englishman, with certain attractive qualities, that by no means outwê his odious selfishness, conceit, and arrogance. The very skill with which the different characters are drawn acts adversely to the general popularity of the book; for the reader who is accustomed to poorer work and to a dishonest huddling aside of the hero's faults will find it hard to judge of people whose merits and defects are intermingled as they are in life. Cynics may have observed that all the engagements they hear about are those of faultlessly beautiful young women to perfect young men, and those are the people about whom novels are generally

written. Here, however, we have very careful studies of character, and of the complications which depend for their existence on the nature of the persons whose fate is described. Yet the problem is not complicated by a dead weight of ethical considerations, as in George Eliot's later novels, over which morality hangs like a heavy pall; but the question simply is how these two men strike this simple, good, but somewhat cold and self-absorbed girl. The reader cannot avoid the suspicion that the author meant her to be more attractive than interesting, and no one can avoid curiosity about her fate. The termination of the story is disappointing, but it is, perhaps, the only one possible; and is it not, after all, less sad than either of the other alternative endings? Why a novel of the importance and excellence of this one should be less popular than *White Wings*—a commonplace novel diluted with salt water—it is not easy to say. In *Mademoiselle de Mersac* we find an admirable choice of opposite characters and a capital study of living people." [Atlantic. 491

MADemoISELLE MORI, see LIST OF ITALIAN NOVELS.

MAE MADDEN [by M.. MURDOCH MASON: Chicago, *Jansen*, 1875.] "is a story of an american family in **Rome**. The heroine, 'Mae Madden,' is a volatile, wilful, hair-brained young creature, who finds delight in the gravest social improprieties, and, in utter selfishness, gratifies her own longings at any cost. She talks slang, 'goes wild,' frequently 'makes a horse of herself,' and sometimes a 'black-and-tan dog.' She receives the attentions of a Piedmontese officer, whom she encounters on the street, and

carries on a desolate flirtation with him; but is fortunately rescued by Norman Mann, who, possessing many good qualities, is yet weak enough to marry her. The book belongs to a bad school, and is in bad taste; but there is much brightness about it." [Boston "Literary World." 492

MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT. A [Putnam, 1879.] "Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the interest of the story, there can be none as to its solidity, strength and clever workmanship. The material is the now rather common one of the adventures and experiences of an american family in Europe—chiefly in **Rome**. Out of this she has wrote another love story which, if it do not show the vivid color and the animation which have brilliantly distinguished some other recent ventures in this field, is at least wrote with much grace and care." [Boston "Literary World." 493

MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE. [by M.. L.. (STEWART) MOLESWORTH: *Harper*, 1887.] "This author is one of the few english 'lady novelists' who would be greatly missed. She is safe; she writes well; she has lived among decent people with so much comfort that she does not find it necessary to run after indecent ones. Her 'Marrying and Giving in Marriage' is a pleasant story of the life of an english girl in **France**." [Catholic World. 494

MICHELINE [by— () BERSIER: *Dutton*, 1875.] "is a tale of french life, rather novel in character. From a vessel wrecked near Mont St. Michel, a little american girl is rescued, and is adopted into the family of Bertrand, the jailer. She grows up with Ivon, his son, and the two become warmly attached. Together they effect the

MAID CALLED BARBARA (A).
[by CATHERINE CHILDAR: *Hurst*, 1883.]
“The story is a good one, and it is well told. The scenes in **Florence**, with the picture of the life of the English colony, are particularly good. The writer, too, gives frequent proof of a gift of quiet humor.” [Spectator. 492 k]

release of a prisoner.—a quite dramatic episode. Bertrand leaves his post and buys a farm, and thus Micheline is brôt into contact with an english family named Gordon. Ivon goes out to America to join Mr. Gordon's son, and there discovers Micheline's brother, who is reunited to his sister, and in due time Ivon returns to France, and maries Micheline. There are many pleasant sketches of life in rural France and in Jersey in the story, and a sweet tone characterizes it." [Boston "Literary World." 495

MILLIONAIRE'S COUSIN (A)

[by EMILY LAWLESS: *Holt*, 1885.] "is so slit an affair that we need not delay to do more than give it hearty commendation. The argument is by no means a trite one. That poverty should be no hindrance to true love is an old theme. Wealth too, has its rîts, and the author has made out her case very forcibly. The scene is Algiers, litly but picturesquely sketched, and it still has the charm of novelty even after 'Mlle. de Mersac.'" [Nation. 496

MISOGYNIST (The). [by POTH-ERO: in *Tales from Blackwood*, N. S., I.] "is an amusing record of the defeat of a bore by a paradoxical humorist he meets on his travels in Normandie." [Athenæum. 497

MISS BAYLE'S ROMANCE [by W: FRASER RAE: *Holt*, 1887.] "has excited not a little interest in England, since most of the characters are not only taken from real life, but go throu their several parts under their names, so thinly disguised that they may easily be identified. The Prince of Wales figures conspicuously; Lord Randolph Churchill and Labouchère also appear in person; Mr. Yates is called Mr. Atlas, and E. King, the journalist and novelist, King Ed-

wards. Many others may easily be recognized, and it would not be a difficult matter to give the real name of the noble duke who has mines in Cornwall. Miss Chamberlain, of Cleveland, whose successes were so recently paragrafed, seems to have been the prototype of the heroine. Miss Alma Bayle, the dauter of a Chicago speculator, (called a banker in concession to english prejudices). This young and pretty american girl makes the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales at Monte-Carlo, then goes to England and enjoys all the brilliant and varied triumphs which belong to a beauty and great heiress who has been singled out for royal favor. As a study of americans abroad the book has no special originality. Miss Bayle conquers wherever she goes, her americanisms being deemed naive and charming. She is a healthy, sensible, commonplace girl with an aptitude of getting what she wishes out of life. Her father, the millionaire, is the bes drawn figure, and is so well put upon the scene that we see him in almost any relation of private and public life, even understand his very clear financial operations. He is, in fact, a distinct and significant addition to our gallery of national types." [American. 498

MISS BRETHERTON, see ENGLISH NOVELS.

MISS ROVEL. [by V: CHERBULIEZ: *Estes*, 1875.] "The heroine is one of the most original and striking characters we have met in fiction. She is a puzzle which it is at once pleasure and despair to study. The author indulges in a some violent assumptions as to english social usages in his account of Lady Rovel's status; but with this exception his work is

MISS MEREDITH [by AMY LEVY
(†, 1889): *Hodder*, 1889.] “is a short story prettily told; a forlorn young governess, experiences in an aristocratic Italian family with the brief trial, and—this time—the entire reward, of a happy love. The style is animated, the English pure, and a tone of cheerfulness prevails. The descriptions of **Pisa**, of the old palace, and of its inhabitants are all equally happy. The atmosphere of the little town, full of color and sunshine, is well reproduced; while the different members of the Brogi family are humorously sketched with few strokes. The love story is extremely slight, but supplies a sufficient excuse for its bright and pretty setting.” [Athenæum. **498 p**

nearly perfect. Raymond Ferray, a very learned and studious man, having been deceived by a woman in early life, becomes a hater of the sex, and retires, with his sister, to a quiet home in Geneva. By certain incredible chances, Meg Rovel, an untamed girl of 16, becomes an inmate of his house, and he gets entangled with her romantic fortunes. From hating her, he comes slowly to love her, and at last, having passed through a labyrinth of bewilderingments, becomes her husband. It is impossible to convey an idea of the piquancy of this story, of the distinctness and vigor with which the characteristics of the several personages are portrayed. A fine humor pervades the book, and there is a wicked bathos in the surrender of the magnificent voluptuary, Lady Rovel, to the magnetism of a Wesleyan missionary." [Boston "Lit. World," 499

MRS. DYMOND. [by ANNE [ISABELLA] (THACKERAY) RITCHIE: *Harper*, 1886.] "Mrs. (Thackeray) Ritchie never needs to be commended. Her style has always the same graceful flow, and it has not lost one shade of its delicate refinement. In the midst of fiction so often painful, so often positively disagreeable, to open one of her books is like turning from a dusty highway to a quiet garden softly lighted and sweet in perfume. There is a life to be lived in the garden as well as in the dingy street, and it is good for us that once in a while some one is glad to portray it. Not that Mrs. Dymond always walked in flowery paths. She had her sorrows, and shared the sorrows of others, in a life not so different from the most in its experience as to make it worth the telling for the sake of its incidents alone. It is what she was in it that

gives to it its charm. Her power was only that gentle power of a sweet and truthful spirit to impart its own quality to those about it. Under its influence injustice relents, the unwilling yield, the selfish are ashamed. This tender appeal for sympathy to all the higher, more refined side of our mental and moral nature, which is always found in Mrs. Ritchie's stories, more than makes up for any lack in boldness of conception or in strength of grasp. Her descriptions have always had a unique value. Of mere word-painting there has long been an excess in fiction. Her description is even more than a fit and fine setting for her personages. It opens our eyes to the life of inanimate things and the part they play in our human drama, sometimes only the part of sympathy taking on for our sake the colors of the spirit. Or if they defy us, defeat us, they win us and help us again by their calm, their friendliness of long companionship. She has drawn many pictures which no one forgets, and in this story there are many to remember with those in the 'Village on the Cliff.' It is France again, but France in the sad days of defeat,—of the siege of Paris, of the Commune. They are not pictures of battle-fields, not of blood or of flame, but of what the women saw as they sat with the children shivering on the edge of the storm." [Nation. 500

MOSAIC-WORKER'S DAUGHTER (The) [by J. M. CAPES: *Bentley*, 1868.] "deals with an English family resident in Rome, and contains interesting pictures of Roman manners and society. The two English girls are very agreeable young ladies, but the Mosaic-Worker's daughter is the heroine. Roman politics are, of course,

MY COUSIN MAURICE. [*Low*, 1872] “is a very pleasant, readable tale, written by some one who has evidently seen a good deal of the world. We are taken here and there, to India, Ireland, and **Germany**, and the writer is evidently at home in each land. Some of the translations of poetry are particularly well done.” [Westminster. 501 q

touched upon. There are spies and banditti, secret arrests, and a romantic mystery; also a priest, who is dreadfully in love with one of the english sisters, and suffers much in his mind in consequence. All, however, ends happily. There is an air of truthfulness and good feeling throuout the book, which makes it pleasant reading." [Athenæum. 501

MY LITTLE LADY, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

NEPTUNE VASE (The) [by VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON: *Harper*, 1881.] "is the charming story, charmingly told, of a young orphan girl at Siena. It gives a fascinating picture of italian life, and is, indeed, so saturated with the italian spirit that it is quite essential for the american element in it to be labelled. That it should be labelled distinctly, we insist upon, for Katy Osmond, adding to the dignity of the lady "of the Aroostook" a sweetness and gayety all her own, is quite too delightful a creation to be merged in her italian husband, agreeable as we are willing to confess, is the young professor from Torino." [Critic. 502

NEW HYPERION (The). [by E. STRAHAN, i. e., Earl Shinn: *Lippincott*, 1874.] "To a work of Saintine's we owe, with that sort of indebtedness which the french express by 'd'apres', 'The New Hyperion', a clever story of which we have frequently had occasion to speak in praise. The preface honestly gives credit to Saintine, but there is much more originality in the work than the scrupulous adapter lets be supposed, and his britness and wit will thöroly amuse his audience." [Nation. 503

NORSEMAN'S PILGRIMAGE (A) [by H. H. BOYSEN: *Scribner*, 1875.] "Tho we recognize in the

heroine traits that are characteristic of many american young women, they are combined with certain elements of character—a dignity, a grave sweetness, which, we think, are not apt to coexist with them. Especially, we should say, she lacks the accent of Boston girlhood, tho that is the city from which she hails. We must not, however, neglect to mention the many skillful touches of character, both in her portrait and in those of others. Mrs. Elder is excellent. Too much cannot be said in praise of the way in which Thora is rendered,—that delicate, dreamy snow-maiden of the north who seems like the ghost of Varberg's haunting love for his mother-land, and bears her disappointment with such sweet, pathetic silence. —The whole description of the norwegian homestead and the old grandparents is charming. Mr. Boyesen is, as yet, more harmonious in his pictures of Norway than in others." [Atlantic. 504

NOT IN THE PROSPECTUS. [by "PARKE DANFORTH," i. e., Hannah Lincoln Talbot: *Houghton*, 1886.] "A brit, somewhat unskilful, but well-bred story, in which the humors of a personally conducted tour provide the incidents which the author seems hardly capable of inventing. The humor and gayety of the book are its sufficient excuse for being." [Atlantic.] "It has no especial mission, but is simply a story; and a pretty and refined one—unless it be deemed a mission to warn the unwary against the great European tourist excursions. The experiences of the tourist party are doubtless a little caricatured and Mr. Messer likewise; but on the whole, the lively account of both is doubtless a warning well worth heed-

ing by the fastidious." [Overland. 505

NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES (A) [by ELLIOTT GRAEME: *Griffin*. 1872]

"We congratulate the author on a decided success. The story is written in a lively and agreeable style, and, in tolerably idiomatic english. The scene is shifted from the university town of Städtlein [Leipzig] with its world-renowned conservatorium, to a town on the english coast. We are introduced to the hero on his way to Städtlein, there to be installed as secretary to Herr Bergmann, his father's friend. Arnold Müller is the son of a genius, of one, that is, whose love for science earned for him the contempt of his father, and the inheritance of a younger son. The simple life of the worthy director,—whose household consisted of his wife, his maiden sister, Mala, (his daughter,) and a mysterious old gentleman, known in his day as a famous violinist,—is charmingly told. Several of the portraits are evidently taken from life; in particular we feel convinced that there must have existed, if he does not exist now, the counterpart of Herr Alexis Wallraf, the brilliant musical critic, whose life is embittered by his absolute incapacity for original creation. The violent aversion conceived by Wallraf for the director's protégé is converted into the strongest liking when he discovers the unaffected modesty and genuine humility of the young composer. But the interest of the story is centred in Mala, the beautiful girl who has inherited her father's genius, and who, under different training, would have developed into an artist of the first rank, but who, thanks to Herr Bergmann and Frau Martha, is still, when on the threshold of womanhood, a simple german maiden, her

heart wholly given to her cousin Lucien." [Athenaeum. 508

ODD TRUMP (The) [by J. G. A. COULSON: N. Y., *Hale & Son*, 1875.] "is a tale of love, adventure and ghosts. It shows some cleverness, and seems to be written by an american who has lived a good deal in England, or, at any rate, is familiar with many peculiarities of english society. There are a good many characters, one of whom is an american, and he is better drawn on the whole than most americans are apt to be in novels of english authorship. The hero is the old-fashioned hero of novels of a generation ago—a strong, brave, tender-hearted, and honest young man, who opens the ball by rescuing the heroine from a watery grave and closes it by marrying her. The 'odd trump' is not a winning card held by one of the characters, but is the hero himself. We have seen better novels and we have seen worse. . . We do not mean to say that the 'Odd Trump' is a work of genius, but it shows a cleverness which is above belittling itself." [Nation. 507

OLD BONIFACE [by G. H. PICARD: N. Y., *White*, 1886.] "is an entertaining, brit little story, quite unlike 'A Mission Flower' [see ROMANTIC NOVELS] but very delitful in a way of its own. It deals with a lovable little american in England, with 2 interesting lovers, and several charming old ladies. The book is full of amusing byplay,—old Boniface himself never appearing on the stage, but having a decided influence on the fortunes of the young people." [Critic. 508

ON BOTH SIDES. [by F. C. BAYLOR: *Lippincott*, 1886.] "It is as if the author wrote wrote her first story. "The Perfect Treasure" to

sketch english social life as it appeared to a small party of americans who were domiciled at **Cheltenham**, and afterward had the happy thôt of bringing the english characters to America, with a roving commission to discover fâses of american social life, and incidentally to exhibit their own colors in stronger lit than it was possible to do at home. Many of the same persons appear in "The Perfect Treasure" and "On this Side," and to all intents and purposes the two stories may answer as one. . . There is an exuberance of good humor which keeps the reader entertained without any severe demand on his judgment, and it is long since we have had so clever caricature as is shown in Job Ketchum on the american side, and Sir Robert Heathcote and Mrs. Sykes on the english. Much is forgiven to one who makes us lîft honestly, and if on reflection we think that Miss Baylor has sometimes laid the color on rather thick,—that she has brôt together in Job Ketchum, for instance, too many incongruous virtues and linguistic felicities,—we are not prevented from asking our friends rît and left to amuse themselves with a book so brit as to create a sort of despair, as in the presence of literary prodigality. The little picture of the interior of a decayed Virginian household, dashed off almost at random, one may say, is so admirable that one cannot help wishing for the same kind of work carried out with sustained skill and the sort of structural ability which is essential to thôroly good work in fiction." [Atlantic. 509

ONE YEAR. [by F.. M.. **PEARL**: *Roberts*, 1871.] "This story is very fresh and charming, with pleasant pictures both of french and english

life, a good moral, and a happy ending." [Old and New. 510

ONLY A CORAL GIRL. [by *GERTRUDE FORD*: *Harper*, 1888.] "The coral girl is Margherita, the beautiful daughter of a peasant woman of Capri. When she goes with her coral to the hotel in Sorrento, Keith Ronaldson, a dashing young englishman, sees and falls in love with her. She barely knows how to read and write (even this is improbable), but Keith marries her and in 2 years' time she appears in english society as a cultivated woman, possessed of all the social graces and capable of reading the works of Herbert Spencer and Carlyle. of course this is all absurd, but the reader who is content to take it for granted will have a strong, well-written story to reward him for his credulity. Margherita is a winning specimen of womanhood, and her devotion to her well-meaning but rather weak husband is beautifully expressed. Several society types are brôt in and depicted with vigor. The scene changes from Capri to England and back to Capri, with no attempt, however, at labored description. The interest is purely a human interest and does not depend on fine landscapes or bric-à-brac. It is a strong, simple, dramatic novel." [Boston "Literary World." 511

ON THE SCENT. [by *MA. MA-JENDIE*: *Hurst*, 1887.] "The success of the divining-rod in the hands of the medium is grafically described, and its best result is to bring the heroine into close terms of sympathy with her young english lover. Besides this leading incident, and the accurate description of peasant life in **France**, the author deserves some credit for the marked distinctness with which

ONE OF THEM [by C: LEVER (1806-72): *Chapman*, 1861.] .. is amusing — very amusing. The scene is placed in Italy, where English people of various kinds, Irish people of Mr. Lever's infallibly clever kind, and a Yankee who is 'sui generis,' meet and make acquaintance — and the present story. Quackinboss, the Yankee, is, perhaps, the most successful." [Spectator.

509 p

the various members of the ruined county family of Demstone are presented to the reader." [Athenæum. 512

OUR OWN SET. i. e., "Unter Uns." [by "OSSIP SCHUBIN." i. e., Lola Kürschner: *Gottsberger*, 1884.] "This is a captivating little novel, liter and more dainty in touch than is usual in german fiction, and showing a good deal of skilful character painting. The scene of the story is **Rome**, but the story concerns only the group of hī-born austrian diplomats there who form 'Our Own Set', making intrusion into their aristocratic circle a difficult and dangerous thing to plebeians. The heroine, Zinka, who is admitted as an honorary member to this exclusive circle, is a charming character, innocently girlish, suspecting neither slit nor evil. She suffers in discovering the innate worthlessness of Sempaly, who plays fast and loose with her affections, but her healthy nature outgrows her grief without embitterment." [American. 513

PANDORA [in "The Author of Beltraffio". by H: JAMES: *Osgood*, 1885.] "is by far the cleverest thing in a miscellaneous collection. Pandora is a representative of a new type, the self-made american girl. She had come from Utica, N. Y. and had taken her parents to Europe; and how count Otto Vogelstein of the german legation encounters her on her homeward voyage, and subsequently watches her career at the national capital, Mr. James relates with delightful humor. The count learned that the self-made girl was neither crude nor loud. She was simply very successful, and her success was entirely personal. She had not been born with the silver spoon of social opportunity, she had grasped it by honest exertion. You

knew her by many different signs, but chiefly, infallibly, by the appearance of her parents. . . But the general characteristics of the self-made girl was that, tho it was frequently understood that she was privately devoted to her kindred, she never attempted to impose them on society." [Boston "Literary World." 514

PASSIONATE PILGRIM. (A) [by H: JAMES: *Osgood*, 1875.] "The tales are all freshly and vigorously conceived, and each is striking in a different way, while 'A Passionate Pilgrim' is the best of all. In this Mr. James has seized upon what seems a very common motive, in a hero with a claim to an english estate, but the character of the hero idealizes the situation; the sordid illusion of the ordinary american heir to english property becomes in him a poetic passion, and we are made to feel an instant tenderness for the gentle visionary who fancies himself to have been misborn in our hurried, eager world, but who owes to his american birth the very rapture he feels in gray **England**." [Atlantic. 515

POINT OF VIEW (The) [in "The Siege of London." by H: JAMES: *Osgood*, 1883.] "Mr. James' subtlety never appeared to better advantage than in this clever bundle of letters. When one considers that he has undertaken to make americans, who have been europeanized, return to America and report on the country, either to Europeans or to those of their own special kind, one sees what a feat is accomplished. These letters are so agile, so true to every wind of doctrine, so prospective, retrospective, and introspective, that the reader is lost in admiration. They are instantaneous mental fotografs, and among the freshest of Mr. James' witty de-

cisions upon his country-men and women. He even abandons himself, in Marcellus Cockerel, to a certain luxury of praise of things american which has hardly a trace of irony, and shows, better than anything in the book, Mr. James' power of dramatic assumption. One generally feels that, however elaborately the various characters are dressed, the voice is always the voice of Mr. James, and that the blessing intended for the character falls upon the head of the spirited wit who has planned the disguise; but there is a downrît quality about Mr. Cockerel's speech, a vehemence of American assertion, which invests him with a singular individuality. [Atlantic.

516

PORTRAIT OF A LADY (The)

[by H: JAMES: *Houghton*, 1881.] "is, as a whole, a hily remarkable and moving tale, while in many of its parts it is marvelously dull, and while it is everywhere injured by the essential barrenness of the life depicted... Every reader of contemporary fiction ôt to find time for this book, in spite of its faults... The heroine sees and passionately desires the evil, and then flies like an arrow towards the hated and dreaded duty. One knows not whether to call it childish worship of convention, or womanly fear of rebellion against what had been fixed principles, or true moral insît. In the result, these come, in such a case, to much the same thing. The contrast between this perfect submission to the guidance of the rît in the case of the heroine, and the perfect if only momentary overthrow of the principles of a resolute and reflective man such as Caspar Goodwood, gives occasion for one of the finest scenes of the book. This young Goodwood, with his square jaw,

is a very tiresome figure all throu the early part of the book, and the outcome shows him to be merely one example of Mr. James' facility for making, in the beginning, a nuisance of what in time is seen to be a very respectable minor character, or even a character of the first importance. Warburton and Ralph Touchett are introduced as disagreeably as possible; but we grow to think hily of them. The venerable banker shall receive our honor. But as for the other characters (excepting poor Pansey) it is with difficulty that one can speak politely of them. They are of various degrees of wearisomeness. Since they are rational animals, they in some sort keep our attention whenever we read of them. But they are of a miserable, puny, pigmy race; it really concerns us little to know what newspaper letters they write when they are well-meaning, or what dirt they eat when they are vicious." [Californian.]—"The heroine of the novel, after recklessly wasting her youth, maries a selfish creature of the type of "Grandcourt," and the book ends with the intimation that she may seek compensation with a lover for the wretchedness of a mistaken marriage. The story is told at interminable length; but that is the gist of it. It is a 'portrait' drawn without the least effort to show the noble, generous side of humanity; on the other hand it painfully vivisects a mass of unwholesome emotions, not worthy of attention for themselves, and whose demonstration leads to nothing in the way of warning and precept. The literary methods with which readers have grown familiar throu Mr. James' other books are extravagantly used in this novel. Such minute descriptions and suggest-

ions, such cross-examinations of his puppets, our author has never before indulged in; the book is a bewildering series of inquiries into motives, and trains of obscure incentives leading into motives. And these motives are, very few of them, things which honest hearty souls care a fig about. The whole proceeding is abnormal, unreal, unhealthful. The humor is as abundant, the irony as perfect, as we are accustomed to expect from this quarter, and, if we could be satisfied with a series of pictures of human beings suggesting nothing of human sympathy, longing, belief, or hope, the peculiar manner of treatment might serve. We need only add that the characters are chiefly the anglo-americans to whose delineation Mr. James has so consistently devoted himself."

[American. 517

PRELATE. (The) [by I: HENDERSON: *Ticknor*, 1886.] "Helen Rathbone, Mr. Henderson's heroine, is compelled to run the gauntlet of calumnies which leave her for awhile without a woman-friend in **Rome**. She has done no harm,—but has carried a message (a mysterious and blood-curdling message, concerning which the reader's imagination is compelled to exercise itself in vain), from a Jesuit to the Prelate Altieri, who has left the Roman for the Old-Catholic communion, and her zeal cost her dear. Two ladies of her rank see her enter the rooms of Altieri, from which she does not emerge until after dark. Being a heroine, and thus appointed to endure trying experiences, she behaves like the conventional heroine when her reputation is endangered, and utterly refuses to explain the reasons for this incomprehensible breach of propriety. Feeling herself

bound by a sacred promise she is silent, altho the worst motives are imputed to her, altho her closest friends are unequal to the ordeal of faith which her attitude of mystery imposes. Such Spartan firmness rouses our admiration, but a little yielding, a little rounding off of the sharp angles of Helen's perfection, would have endeared her to us more. Naturally, virtue like hers is not left unrecognized, and she is rehabilitated by the effort of a Roman lady of the highest rank and social influence, who becomes her intimate friend. Helen is not however one of those heroines who are destined for the easy rewards of fate: she is finally engaged to marry the prelate, Altieri, but crossing each other in mid-ocean the steamer on which Helen is a passenger runs down the vessel in which Altieri is returning, and he is drowned. The book is stiff, animated by little reality, rather dull, but it is not commonplace, and possesses among novels of its class distinct merits."

[American. 518

PROFESSOR (The) [by "Curren Bell," i. e., C. (BRONTË) NICHOLLS: *Harper*, 1857.] "The heroine is a swiss girl, in humble but respectable life, who becomes acquainted with the Professor in a 'pensionat' in **Bruxelles**. Of a pure, unworldly nature—earning their daily bread by daily toil—with no taste for the pretensions and falsities of social life—and taut by the hard and bitter lessons of experience to sacrifice the idols of fancy to the worship of truth—these two unique personages are soon drawn into relations of unacknowledged sympathy with each other, and the ripening of this sentiment into a more exquisite passion forms the subject-matter of the story. The prominent char-

acters in the scene are brôt into contrast with an unprincipled, conceited, and shallow frenchman, and an intriguing woman of the same nation, who conceals the spots of her nature beneath a shining veil of decorum and gentleness. A sturdy english humorist plays an important part in the drama, altho he is managed with less skill than the leading personages." [Harper's. 519

QUEEN OF SHEBA (The) [by T. B. ALDRICH: *Osgood*, 1877.] "is a simple love-story, of which the scene is laid partly in New-Hampshire and partly in Switzerland. The author thus finds opportunity to compare 2 countries which, in some respects, are similar, and to draw some vivid word-pictures of scenery." [Unitarian Review. 520

QUITS. [by JEMIMA (MONTGOMERY) von TAUTPHÖUS: *Lippincott*, 1866.] "Baroness Tautphœus writes easily, correctly, and elegantly. Her skill in description is remarkable, and her representation of externals, of manners and customs, of rural life, city life, and fashionable life, is minute and truthful. . . 'Quits' has merit, first, as a pleasant and good-humored sketch of the englishman at home and abroad, in London and on his travels,—and next, as a more rare picture of life in the mountain region of Southern Bavaria. In the scenes of the book there is a charming reality and distinctness." [Christian Examiner. 521

REVERBERATOR (The) [by H. JAMES: *Macmillan*, 1888.] "was worth writing and is worth reading—two things which do not always seem to us true of the author's work, much as we invariably admire his technique. . . The heroine is very beautiful, with fine lines, delightful color, and graceful,

unaffected, girlish manners. Her manners, however, do not appear to be a great part of her charm for Gaston Probert, the only living son of a South Carolinian settled for many years in France. . . Gaston is not Francina Dosson's only admirer. He has been preceded by George M. Flack, whom the whole Dosson family regard as a great and elevated person on account of his supposed dignity as an editor. . . Fidelia has brôt the family abroad for the second time, knowing that rich american girls are said to do extremely well in the way of marriage 'over there', and she has no idea of giving her to an american even if an editor. Gaston meets Miss Dobson's entire approval and is not slow in gaining that of Francie also. His difficulty arises when he faces the thôt of presenting the socially unrepresentable Dossons to his father and sisters. However, he gets over that without too much trouble. He is one of a most united and affectionate family, who appreciate the fact that his heart is irrevocably engaged, and who end by yielding, tho with some wry faces, graciously made in private for the most part, to Francie's innocent charm and striking beauty. She is taken into their interior, and Gaston's favorite sister, by way of proving to the little girl how fully they have adopted her as one of themselves, tells her quantities of family gossip, including the fact that one of their relatives 'had that disease—what do they call it?—that she used to steal things in shops': now, all this, and a good deal of a still more scandalous nature, Francie innocently repeats to Mr. George M. Flack, whose disappointment with regard to herself she pities." [Catholic World.]—"The Proberts, father, son,

PROUD MAISIE [by BERTHA THOMAS: *Low*, 1877.] "is the autobiography of a fascinating, wayward, lōvable young lady, whō relates in these volumes the story of her life's lōve. As gay and light-heārted at the beginning of the story as the original of the ballad whōse name she bēars, her ultimate fate prōves more fortunate than that predicted for Scott's heroin. The plot is original in its development, for we ar transported from humdrum, respectable english surroundings tō an unconstrained art-student existence in Ludwigsheim [**Munich**]. The heroin portrays herself with ability, her character stands out firmly, and her individuality is wel sustained. The writing of the book is excellent. It is easy and pleasant to perceive that it is the work of a cultivated person: this is shōn by the references to various literatures, and the thōro acquaintance with music and art betrayed. The book abounds in touches of quaint humor as wel as in epigrammatic writing. 'Proud Maisie' is a readable, clever novel, which keeps the reader's attention fixed tō its close." [Athenæum. **519 k**

QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM
 (A). [by DOROTHEA GERARD: *Appleton*, 1892] "Glockenau, an Austrian mountain village, and afterwards London, are the scenes. In the first, Count Emil Eldringen dies, leaving his daughter Ulrica penniless and friendless; a marriage beneath his rank and a life of dissipation had so estranged the count's relatives, that nothing was left to Ulrica but to work with her hands like a peasant. At Glockenau, after many vicissitudes, she earns a living for herself in a large dairy farm. Here an English cousin discovers her, a love-story of varied interests following. Ulrica believes herself the heir of a large fortune, and figures for a time as a fine lady of London." [Publishers' Weekly.

519 r

and titled daughters, are all presented with Mr. James' utmost skill. Their mutual affection, their exquisite manners, their fastidiousness of reserve towards the public, and their graceful abandon when thrown together. They represent the very bloom of french social culture and exotic civilization, and, naturally, when thrown into contrast with the Dossons, who have no manner, no reserves, no exclusiveness, no standards of taste.—whose whole idea of life is taking what comes easily, and letting all go easily.—the effect is striking.—The Proberts throw a veil over their dissatisfaction with the Dossons and summon all the charm of their fine manners to their aid. They pet Francie, talk to her freely, try to make her one of themselves by the tenderest intimacy. Francie accepts it, but the 'French ideas' do not easily assimilate with her vague american notions. Happening to be thrown into Mr. Flack's society, she confides to him that she is surprised at some of the complications of french life. Mr. Flack draws her out, and the whole revelation of what she has seen, heard, and divined about the Proberts is unreservedly poured forth for the edification of the journalist. Naturally, the whole account, exaggerated into monstrosity and made indecent with every sort of suggestion, is sent off to the Reverberator, and a fortnit or so later the Proberts find all their family history, atrociously garbled, in print. The situation is capitally handled when all the Proberts are arraigned against Francie, but we refer our readers to the story itself for the sequel. Mr. Flack had flashed his lantern into the privacy of a bi-minded family and had made a sensation.

The results of our obtrusive modern journalism are clearly set before us, and anybody may seize the moral. When Francie, with a crowd of unuttered regrets and repentances thinks of the mischief she has done, she wonders if all the lively, chatty letters she reads in the papers means, like this about the Proberts, 'a violation of sanctities, a convulsion of homes, a burning of smitten faces, a rupture of girls' engagements.'" [American. 522

ROBIN [by LOUISA (TAYLOR) PARR: *Holt*, 1882.] "is agreeable and readable, and holds the reader's sympathies to the end. The story is not a new one, and the first half reminds one strikingly of 'Heaps of Money,' with a father and daughter living on the Continent, and a young englishman of good family established as 'ami de la maison.' Robin is a fresh and frank, purely girlish creation, and fulfils the first duty of a heroine by being charming. The idle, pleasure-taking, fictitious life at Venice is well described, and makes a picturesque background for the play of the 4 principal characters." [Lippincott's.]—"It is a beautiful story of resistance to temptation, and of the purification and elevation of character in both man and woman by such a struggle for self-conquest. It is essentially dramatic in the sense of action and reaction of the personages of the story upon each other." [Nation. 523

ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR (*Der Fels der Ehrenlegion*) [by B. AUERBACH: in "*Harper's Magazine*," nov.-dec. 1870.] "tells of the love of a young german lady for a painter whom she meets in foreign parts. There is considerable cleverness in the drawing of some of the people, especially of the heroine and

her old schoolmates. The construction of the story is not its most admirable point; by the time the heroine is out walking near where the artist is painting [in Switzerland] the reader feels most marked premonitions of the impending spraining of her ankle a few pages further. This artist is painting a rock, and calls it the rock of the legion of honor because a picture of his, representing it, had won him that decoration." [Atlantic. 524

RODERICK HUDSON. [by H. JAMES: *Osgood*, 1875.] "The story is finely conceived, and the book has an indescribable charm. The history of a genius must always be fascinating and impressive, especially if it have 'vraisemblance', and the story of Roderick Hudson's rise and fall is almost terrible in its fidelity to psychological truth. But the great charm of the book lies in the atmosphere of Rome which pervades it—the very flavor of Italy. In no other work, except Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun', is the Eternal City made so familiar to our imaginations. It infects one irresistibly with the 'Roman fever,' and we feel as we read that, if all roads do not in fact lead to Rome, at least none is worth traveling which does not promise to lead there." [Appleton's. 525

SARCASM OF DESTINY (The) [by M. E. (W.) SHERWOOD: *Appleton*, 1878.] "is peculiar in one respect, as being a story of american society written by a person evidently a member of what in America is called society. The hero of this book is the son of a hungarian fysician and an english lady of rank. His wooing of Nina, an american lady of french descent and great wealth, is interfered with by the discovery that he has a wife living in the nêborhood; he dis-

appears, and Nina, after some delay, marries her kinsman, Vigée La Fontaine, and goes with him to Paris. She is established in the Faubourg, in the imposing and gloomy hotel of her mother-in-law, and her sister is at the same time an ornament of the American colony. The relations and differences of the two sisters are well described, and all the French part of the book is written with 'connaissance du fait.' Vigée becomes brutal, and the same woman who was the wife of Nina's lover turns up as Vigée's mistress, and dies, leaving a child whom Nina adopts and brings back to America with her. She loses her fortune, endures hardships of many kinds, her husband dies, and finally, of course, she marries her first love, whose career seems to be deemed peculiar and unfortunate, but not particularly blameworthy. The old lady, Miss Brown, who is supposed to tell most of the story, is cleverly sketched and quaint, and there is a good deal in the book besides what we have indicated—a description of Washington during the war, a lady traitor, a hi-toned lover, a dip into english society, and a subordinate love affair with suppression of letters, etc. Indeed, if we wished to be critical, we might say that the book is a little like a young minister's first sermon, beginning at the Deluge and telling all he knows. On the contrary, we do say that the book has much liveliness and "pace," and we have no doubt the author can write a much better one." [Nation. 526

SEVEN YEARS. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1859.] "Miss Kavanagh is always charming in her delineations of french provincial life and french interiors. She gives not only the outward form and features of

things, but their internal meaning and significance. This makes all the difference betwixt wearisome trifling and sagacious indication of character. The first story, which gives its name to the book, is one of the best stories of the kind we ever read. As a work of art it is most skilfully contrived, and as a work of interest it is fascinating. Out of very homely details—with few incidents and no events—with scarcely any change of scene, and with characters which in their real existence were, without doubt, very trying to the patience of all who had to do with them, Miss Kavanagh has constructed a story of strong interest, and without any strain after effect, she has given to it a *hi* tone of true heroism—she has invested the simple ‘continuance in well doing’ with a dignity which is touching, because it is true.” [Athenæum. 527

SIEGE OF LONDON. (The) [by H: JAMES: *Osgood*. 1883.] “The story is of an american adventuress who, in her excessive power of adaption, reaches an admirably simulated respectability, and, having fascinated Sir Arthur Demesne, finally turns his defenses against himself. As a piece of warfare, Mrs. Headway’s siege is conducted with admirable address. The reader is puzzled to know how a young woman, whose reported conversation, tho entertaining, is undeniably the expression of a hard, vulgar person, will succeed in making capture of the englishman, who, if slow-witted, has at any rate the sensibilities of a gentleman. Time, of so much consequences in most sieges, seems here a dangerous element, and one would suspect that Sir Arthur’s wits would at last catch-up with his instincts. So they would, but Mrs. Headway

uses against him the very weapons upon which Sir Arthur must rely. He has an honor which has been wrót out of poor material in a long series of generations, until now it has a nobility of temper, and thus far Sir Arthur Demesne has used it effectively. At the critical moment Mrs. Headway deftly wrests it from him, and points its blade another way. It is hardly worth while to look for any deep meaning in this brilliant little story. As a sketch of superficial manners it is vivacious and very intelligible. The humor in the study of the young diplomatist is capital, and one may take a grim satisfaction in seeing the very cautious Mr. Littlemore defeated by his own caution, and left to all the dissatisfaction which a too tardy resolution must have brót him.” [Atlantic. 528

SIGNOR MONALDINI’S NIECE, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS: [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Osgood*. 1876.] “People who could talk in this way or listen to it with enjoyment could very well sit in their parlors at home and reason themselves to Europe or up the side of a house without inconvenience. When it is known that certainly a third of the book is made of this curious jumble of sentimentality, religion, transcendentalism, and stammering affectation, the reader may feel as inclined to fly from the novel as he would from these people in life, with their intense admiration for themselves and their ways, and contempt for people who do not boast of being sympathetic, and with their absolutely indecorous want of reserve. To outwé faults of this magnitude (and we have tried not to exaggerate them) there must be something in the novel of

great merit, and what this is it is not hard to find. Mrs. Whitney has gone over the familiar track of **European** travel, and she has expressed anew and with considerable accuracy the impression made upon those who see it all for the first time. The little round Patience Strong made in Switzerland led her into no unknown by-ways, but the beauty of the scenery and its novelty really moved her, and the nonsense left her when she was not under the immediate influence of her traveling companions. Pictures, statues, ruins, and famous architecture found in her a warm admirer, who was sincere in her admiration even if at times a trifle incoherent. We have here something more genuine and better worth reading than the would-be mystical talk of Gen. Rushleigh and the rest. Another merit of the book is that these characters whom we have been abusing, have beneath all their absurdities and narrowness qualities which can only be admired." [Nation. 529]

SILVIA. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1870.] "Miss Kavanagh's heroine is charming. When we have said this, we have nearly exhausted our criticism; for tho there is much pleasant writing upon other points, and all the subordinate parts have a distinctness and originality of their own, it is on Silvia and her fortunes that our interest is concentrated, and tho secondary pictures are nowhere left incomplete, she stands out from the canvas naturally and undoubtedly predominant. We are first introduced to her, an Italian orphan of noble Roman parentage, as living at **Sorrento** under the guardianship of some distant relatives, whose friendly but retired villa she soon leaves for that of a

married friend in France, a change to which she looks forward with much girlish glee and curiosity. Having arrived at St. Rémy, she is thrown at first among a strangely assorted coterie of English, who garrison the house of Lady John Dory, one of those manoeuvring women of the world, who for want of excitement, play chess with human pieces, and whose character and satellites are very amusingly described, and secondly finds a home less gay, but not less vitally interesting to her than she had anticipated, in the chateau of Madame de l'Épine, her early friend. That lady, having been deserted by her husband, a worthless spendthrift, is living with her father, a simple-hearted old French captain who speaks English with zealous intrepidity, and her half brother Charles Meredith, an engineer, and the hero of Silvia's first romance. . . How the good and bad of Silvia's complex tho honest nature are developed by this contact, till fickleness gives way to faith, and the eager girl becomes the loving woman, is a pretty story, and told with much subtle and delicate knowledge of humanity. The book abounds with humor of a quiet sort." [Athenaeum.]—"It is a story of Italian and French life, in sketching which the author manifests a charming aptness which could result only from an intimate acquaintance with their peculiarities. Some of her pictures of scenery and country life are delicious. Silvia is a winning character, and Dom Sabino Nardi is a quaint and interesting personage, whom it is a pleasure to know." [Boston "Literary World." 530]

SOJOURNERS TOGETHER [by FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE: *Smith*, 1875.] "is a pleasant little story

of a young man who comes to stay at a Swiss hotel where, a year before, he had met his fate. In the meantime he has been thrown over by the lady. . . He returns to his old haunts, full of sweet and bitter fancies, and before long meets his fate again in the person of a young lady of charmingly simple manners, the daughter of a vulgar but good-hearted City man. . . This slit story is well told, and the various "sojourners together" in the Swiss pension are happily sketched. It is a pleasant little tale, which we can honestly recommend to our readers." [Athenæum. 531

SPIDERS AND FLIES. [by PERCY FENDALL: *Ward & Downey*, 1886.] "Mr. Fendall does not depend upon his plot in claiming our interest, and solves any difficulties that may occur in its development in a ruf-and-ready fashion. The final episode in particular is abruptly and crudely hurried throu. But in dialog and analysis he shows decided promise and is entirely at his ease in sketching that section of our society who by much residence abroad have divested themselves of their english reserve. And he has the artistic merit of effacing his own individuality and leaving the reader to judge entirely for himself as to the faults and virtues of his 'dramatis personæ'. The character of the heroine is well drawn and consistent, and commands our sympathies in spite of her many faults." [Athenæum. 532

SPRING FLOODS. by IVAN TURGENIEF, see *Romantic Novels*.

STORM DRIVEN [by M.. (HEALY) BIGOT: *Lippincott*, 1877.] "is a book which any one may enjoy; altho it may not be strikingly new or original, the story is agreeably told. . . Lil. John Bruce, and Leigh Ward

are all good types of the men and women of our world; and Issy, with her lofty enthusiasm for art, scorn of fashion, and short-cropped hair, is not the least delightful acquaintance we make. The pictures of Paris life are good." [Boston "Lit. World." 533

STORY OF ELIZABETH (The).

[by A.. [ISABELLA] (THACKERAY)

RITCHIE: N. Y., *Gregory*, 1863.] "A

more lovable or natural heroine than

Elizabeth, it would be difficult to find.

Even in her naughtiness and petulance

she is charming, and inspires the live-

liest sympathy and regard. She is

simple and unaffected, not hily end-

dowed intellectually, not wise, but

loving and lovely. And if sorrow

teaches her at last to be heroic, hers is

by no means a stilted heroism, for

she learns the hard lesson in so artless

and touching a way that it robs her of

none of her childlike grace. . . This

exquisite little story, when once read,

can never be forgotten. It must ever

be remembered with affectionate inter-

est, inasmuch as it imparts its own

warmth and glow to its readers, asso-

ciating itself closely with all pleasant

memories, such as 'song of bird and

hue and odor of blossom,' which in its

sweetness, freshness, and delicate col-

oring it much resembles." [Christian

Examiner.]—"In Elly we have a her-

oine whom we cannot help grudging

to the world of fiction; full of engag-

ing beauties, and still more engaging

faults; shining in so fresh and simple

a loveliness; adorning and enjoying

her beauty without vanity; artless

and childlike, and yet not without the

lustre of culture; loveable without

any of the duly registered qualities

which claim a fatigued admiration;

at once trustful and wilful; pitying

herself genuinely in her troubles, and

yet pitying others more; with an innocent english mind and heart which are easy to enter into and yet bathed in a deep italian atmosphere; imaginative but not dreamy; with a golden cloud about her that neither dazzles nor overshadows. Elly has, on the whole, no rit to belong to a novel, and it is the only thing which grieves us as we close the book." [Spectator. 534

STRUGGLE (A). [by BARNET PHILLIPS: *Appleton*, 1878.] "Here we have at St. Elói a château and a foundry; in the former a wealthy french iron-founder, and the heroine—his beautiful, impetuous, but haughty daughter, about to be betrothed to a man of the world, de Valbois. At the foundry a one-armed yankee, the hero, an ex-colonel, quiet, imperturbable, but valued by his employer as an admirable mechanic, a ready suggester of the rit thing to make the iron quicker and better and the machinery to go when it is out of order. Then comes the franco-german war, the master is struck down with illness, de Valbois withdraws, Mr. Yankee runs the works, advises everybody, cares for his employer, and protects his daughter, whose respect and gratitude gradually deepens into love. But this man of perfect judgment gives no sign of his own affection until haughty mademoiselle quite pouts because it has not shown itself, and then the victory is complete." [Penn Monthly. 535

SUMMER'S ROMANCE (A). [by M. (HEALY) BIGOT: *Low*, 1877.] "The heroine is of unknown parentage, only moderately accomplished, and possessing a face which owes its chief attractions to the fact that it is expressive of a sensible mind and a loving heart. She is utterly without

adventitious advantages, and it is therefore no slight evidence of talent that our sympathies, at first grudgingly given to the somewhat unpromising heroine, grow gradually warmer, and that at length we fall desperately in love with her. The hero is rather a poor creature for his position, but his defects are never exaggerated or untrue to nature; and, after all, how few perfect heroes are to be met in life! Again, the villain of the story is only unprincipled, and not a monster of crime. Of the subordinate characters, the young italian wife is a charming little sketch; while the aggressive preaching of Mrs. Cardwell is humorously, but not too humorously, described. Speaking of this book as a drama, we may congratulate the authoress on having given us most attractive scenery—so attractive, indeed, that we fancy many readers will feel a strong desire to visit **Capri**." [Athenæum. 536

SUN-MAID (The) [by MARIA M. GRANT: *Harper*, 1877.] "is a very pleasant story, and a well written one; the style being clear, vigorous, and eloquent. The scene is mostly laid in **Spain**, but introduces spanish, english, french, and russian characters. The hero is an english nobleman; the heroine, the daughter of a russian poet,—an exile. Both are noble characters. Indeed, the whole tone of the book is superior, and its perusal leaves a sweet and beautiful impression." [Boston Lit. World. 537

SYBIL'S SECOND LOVE [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Appleton*, 1867.] "is an old-fashioned novel, easily written, easy to read, not descending into tragic depths, but treating of the checks, changes, mortifications, and delits which fall to the lot of a heroine

of 17. Sybil Kennedy is not remarkable in any way except for being truthful and straitforward, and she comes home from school at Brompton to her father's house on the western coast of **France** expecting to find everyone as honest as herself, and, of course goes throu the usual and sad process of attaining to worldly wisdom by bitter experience of falsehood. Her father is a mysterious irishman who has bôt a picturesque property on the wild sea coast in order to build mills and make rape oil; not a very romantic business in itself, but carried on by Mr. Kennedy in a dramatic way. . . Such a book, which leaves the deep waters of life untroubled, is not very interesting to young people, who desire to anticipate by their imaginations the strife and suffering which have not yet reached their hearts. But sometimes those who are passing throu the struggle, who are facing the realities of life, turn away from the writer who touches on them too closely, and seek rather repose and a gentle distraction from unquiet thôt. To such we recommend 'Sybil's Second Love.'" [Round T. 538]

TANGLED [by **RACHEL CAREW**: Chicago, *Griggs*, 1877.] "is an american production, of lit build. It is agreeably amusing, not by means of the noisy horse-play which has made the fame of some national humorists, but from the very absence of it. The sketch, too, has been carefully written and well deserves the half-hour's attention which would suffice for reading it." [Nation.].—"The double and twisted letters on the cover of this little volume appropriately represent the title. It is a humorous novelette of life at a **Swiss** watering-place, where the hero and heroine get into a 'maddening maze of things,' each

imagining the other to be insane—a supposition which succeeding chapters of accident confirm. 'This comedy of errors proves more entertaining to the reader than to the deluded tho not demented couple, who are kept from falling in love only by thôts of ineligibility for matrimony of persons in a non-compos-mentis condition. The villain of the piece is mildly personated by an english 'swell,' who tries to win the maiden for himself, while confirming her belief in the insanity of his rival. Rîteous judgment, of course, overtakes him. The actual lunatic appears to claim his kingdom of foolishness, the mistake about the hero is cleared up, and all ends happily." [Library Table. 539]

TENTS OF SHEM [by [C:] **GRANT [B.] ALLEN**, *Chatto*, 1887.] "is romantic and picturesque in parts, and pleasant to read. The plot includes an intricate family complication, an absurd will, a forgery, and some love-making in **Algeria**. There are 2 heroes and 2 heroines, who, after a false start on the part of 2 of them, eventually pair off in a fit and proper manner. Mr. Allen has managed the necessary change in the affections of one of the young women most adroitly; and even when the incidents are most improbable they are nearly always clever. . . Indeed, there are few chapters in Mr. Allen's story which the reader will not find thôroly amusing." [Athenæum. 540]

THELMA. [by "MARIE CORELLI," i. e., **Minnie Mackay**: *Bentley*, 1887.] "Tho it is called a society novel, the first half, the best and most pleasant portion, deals with fell and fiord in **Norway**. Thelma is a beautiful and accomplished Norse girl, the motherless dauter of an honest farmer; she

TALES OF EUROPEAN LIFE.
 [Boston, *Loring*, 1870.] "So many of our countrymen have been in Italy, and so many travelers have written about it, that if we are ignorant of any particular concerning the scenery, climate, or ruins, it is not owing to any scarcity of works on the subject. These simple little stories, which are entirely free from any pretension, are to be treated as pictures of manners and customs with which strangers are not always acquainted. '*St. Cecilia*' is the most interesting, but '*Prato Fiorito*' is, perhaps, more characteristic of Italian feeling, its impulse and passion, its remorse and exaggerated contrition. The sketch entitled, '*Salvi and Cesare*,' is briefly and plainly given, and the '*Adventure in Prag*' will repay perusal." [Hearth and Home. 538 p

is discovered by a young english baronet, who after sundry adventures carries her off in his yacht. The incidents are not of a particularly novel kind, and indeed, the character and actions of the rascally clergyman who forces himself upon the heroine's notice are neither pleasant nor natural; but the local descriptions are good, and Thelma herself is fresh and life-like. After her marriage the scene changes to London." [Athenæum. 541

THROUGH LOVE TO LIFE. [by GILLAN VASE: *Harper*. 1889.] "In this novel, there is an almost confusing rapidity of movement. It is a work of great talent, impulsive, dramatic, and audacious, altho the audacity is well curbed. The writer has knowledge of the world, and also of literary effects; the contrasts of serious and amusing pages are well managed. It is not one of the novels which will be read and re-read with affection, but it is a brilliant, skilful, and exciting story of english and continental life." [Boston "Literary World." 542

TO LEEWARD. [by FR. M. CRAWFORD: *Osgood*. 1882.] "The young lady who drifts 'to leeward' so easily and completely is the daughter of an english father and a russian mother, bred in Rome. Her lover is a dilettante englishman of unmingled race, but who has spent his life in roaming about the Continent, writing articles for magazines, and making love to whomsoever may offer. He is her lover, but not in the wholesome english sense. The whole 'mise en scène' is that, we have said, of a french novel—a thing which, fortunately, has never been adopted or adapted into english. Leonoramarie, in the beginning of the book, a nat-

ural, genial, simple-minded italian: so primitive a character, that little knowledge of the race is necessary to describe to us the kind, simple fellow, who is quite satisfied with his wife's very moderate affection for him, and who is utterly indisposed to poke under the surface, or make analytical investigations into her heart and thôts. She marries him for no particular reason except that he asks her, being herself rich, and in the enjoyment of all that society (in Rome) and the hier education can give. Evil fortune, however, throws in her way, when she begins to find her husband tiresome, a certain Julius Batiscombe, whom she had known and felt some interest in before—the english literary man 'à bonnes fortunes.' 'He was known to be an englishman or irishman by birth,' we are informed: but in all ways he resembles much more the american of whom we have much previous knowledge in recent fiction." [Blackwood's. 543

TONY THE MAID [by B. W. (HOWARD) TEUFEL: *Harper*.—Low, 1888.] "is a charming little story. Admitting that it is about nothing in particular, and that one of its 2 characters is glaringly inconsistent, nevertheless it is charming." Scene Switzerland. [Athenæum. 544

TRAJAN, see ROMANTIC NOVELS. TREASURE TOWER OF MALTA (The) [by VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON: *Unwin*. 1890.] "is a pleasant summer story, in which hero and heroine are legitimately youthful, affectionate at sit, and artless in the expression of their mutual tendresse. This popular author has undoubtedly the artist's gift of conferring atmosphere. Her little love-idyl of Malta between Lieutenant Arthur Curzon, and

THREE SISTERS. [*Low*, 1884.]

“Any ðne whō cares to follo the fortunes of 8 brave Irish girls whō ar forced tō support themselves in a South German ‘Residenz’ can not fail tō be amused. The Miss Denbighs hav a perfect genius for making the best of most things, and extracting the fun out of everything. But besides the fun thère ar glimpses of genuin pathos, and Darry’s fate touches the reader very nearly . . . That the author knoes german town life wel, and is alive tō the opportunities it presents for humorous description is obvious. The book is, moreover, wel written, and sōme of the anecdotes ar wel told.” [*Athenæum*. 541 p

Dolores, granddaughter of an english recluse long resident upon the island. is charmingly framed in descriptions of the place. One mīt think that in no circumstances could the reader of frequent novels be roused to interest in the recital of a picnic; but there is refreshing novelty in a picnic of modern fashionable folk on the shores of St. Paul's Bay." [Critic. 545

'TWIXT WIFE AND FATHERLAND [*Tinsley*, 1875.] is written "by some one who has caught the gift of the baroness Tauphōus of telling a charming story in the boldest manner, and of forcing us to take an interest in her characters which writers, far better from a literary point of view, can never approach. And the remarkable thing is that we hardly know why we feel an interest in the chief characters. For example, the heroine is like plenty of other english girls, as far as anything goes which we hear about her: she is well educated, impulsive, given to keeping a diary, and acting before she thinks; and yet the authoress has managed to give her an undefinable attraction which we are persuaded that no reader will resist. We cannot quite parallel her with that most charming of all the heroines of fiction, Hildegard in the 'Initials'; but she mīt almost be twin-sister to another favorite of ours, Nora in 'Quits,' and her mother will pair off very well with Mr. Nixon in the same story. The scene lies chiefly in South Tirol, first at Cortina (called in the story Zuel, but otherwise not disguised in the least) and afterwards at Meran; and the chief characters, after Camilla herself, are Austrians and Tyrolese." [Athenæum. 546

TWO CORONETS, see ROMANTIC NOVELS.

TWO GIRLS. [by F. WEDMORE: *King*, 1873.] "Wелvertree, the hero, is a young man of the usual London type. . . who shows his moral vigor and something of intellectual self-reliance, in seeking the experiences of travel in so quiet a field as a remote country town in Artois. Here he meets two english residents, Beddingly Aucott and his daughter Cicely. There is much skill in the way in which our author enlists our sympathies with Aucott. . . Cicely is charming: 'Health had made nothing rude in her, and sensitiveness nothing weak. The whole face wore commonly a look fine and serene, which, even more than the beauty of the features, gave it distinction, because it said (to those who understood it) that she carried in her heart some happy secret which lightened all her ways'. Such is Wелvertree's first love and better angel. . . Then Wелvertree, between restlessness, pity, and admiration of her beauty, not unmixed with a sort of camaraderie in bohemianism, makes the false step of promising marriage in his turn. But Cicely, free, and loving, now re-appears upon the scene; Aucott dies; Wелvertree has, of course, brain fever; Irma wages a fierce, tenacious struggle to retain the one man she has loved. She is too weak for the unequal contest. Failing, she falls back on 'mother Seine', the silent consoler of many such wrongs as hers; while Wелvertree, who was never worthy of her ardor, finds acceptance too readily at the hands of one whose constancy is still more loftily above him." [Athenæum. 547

TWO LILIES. [by JULIA KAVANAGH: *Hurst*, 1877.) "This well-written story introduces us at the outset

TREHERNE'S TEMPTATION. [by ALARIC CARR. *Smith*, 1883] The author has "set himself a very difficult task, and has performed it with skill and power. The story is full of interest from beginning to end — the plot unusually good and thoroughly developed. It would be unfair to the reader even to hint at the unravelment of this romantic novel. One of the chief charms of the book is the description of easy Continental life; whether in Paris, or at Baden-Baden, the author is always equally at home, and evidently fond of his subject. The characters are remarkably well drawn, and distinctly defined — the Vicomte a most polished and perfect specimen of a French noble. His very weaknesses are charming. Our sympathies are always with him, and with his nation because of him. The German element in the book is not the least agreeable feature of it. The very servants and dogs add their quota to the enjoyment to be derived from this most agreeable novel. We must not omit to notice that there is a great deal of interesting talk about music." [Westminster. 545 h

TRILBY. [by G : DU MAURIER : *Harper*, 1894.] "One aspect of the Paris of the sixties has never had a more vivid and atmospheric portrayal than in "Trilby." Mr. Du Maurier was an art student in the brilliant city in those days, and Mr. Marks, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Poynter shared the labors and the joys of his studio. Other men who have since risen to the first rank in their profession were also companions in that golden time of promise, when the world shone in the vision of these gifted youths, and Paris was not great enough to hold their ambitions and dreams. It was a life of hard work and exacting ideals, mitigated by constant gaiety and by those inexpensive pleasures known in Bohemia but scorned in Philistia. There were devoted friendship, loyal co-operation, uncalculating camaraderie; there were endless walks and endless talks; there were the gay and changing life of the boulevards, the morally careless freedom of the Latin Quarter, the excursions, the little breakfasts and dinners; there was the old-time and all-time fascination of the most brilliant city in the world. Into this circle Mr. Du Maurier not only bids us welcome but actually installs us; we do not look on, we participate. It is the secret of the extraordinary charm of this story that it does not appear to be a story: it has almost no marks of artifice; it hardly appears to have been planned; it affects us as a record, kept in the simplest and most informal way, of certain very interesting events and persons. It is as if we had entered the studio from time to time unnoted, and seen the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee painting away for dear life, or smoking their pipes and talking about art, books, Paris, London, the picture shows . . . The story has the charm of reality in an extraordinary degree. The simplicity, the complexity, the gaiety, and the pathos of life are in it . . . Student life in Paris is a life by itself, especially

that of the students of art; a life which ventures into Bohemia a long distance from the coasts thereof, and takes pleasure in the extent of these excursions. It is a life of great interest, variety, and zest; a life full of intellectual and animal spirits, with a vein of paganism running through it . . . The charm of this story is elusive, but it is not difficult to discover. It is the charm of that which is familiar, intimate, and natural; the charm of the wild flower and of the bobolink and thrush. There is nothing professional about "Trilby," nothing "literary" in the conventional sense of the word. The story conveys the impression of having written itself; there is a careless ease about it; an air of indifference to literary traditions and proprieties; a kind of childlike simplicity and good faith. This is not only very captivating, but it is also very fine art—the art which conceals itself. The story ripples along without effort, at times almost without direction, like an easy-going brook; but what marvelous pictures of shore and sky are in it! This ease of mood, this absence of strain, affectation, effort, reveal a true artist at work, and fill us with gratitude and joy for something simple as nature and as refreshing." [Outlook.]—"It may be objected that no group of people ever is or was so adorable as most of the company in which we walk, but the first test is that Mr. Du Maurier makes them appear so. How he must have loved a Taffy and a Laird and all that gay, kind, happy company who call to mind our Thackeray and Münger and Dumas and Béranger, yet make each a place in the heart distinctively his own! . . . By casting back over a long line of years, between memory and imagination, he has written chapters of real life glorified by the most tender and enchanting romance—told us of a dead past all radiant, and glowing now with the purple light of a vanished youth." [Nation.] 545 m

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS. [by MABEL HART: *Hurst*, 1890.] "The heroins ar charming specimens of very modern English girls. . . . They ar art students at **Florence**, and their adventures in the city of flowers ar deftly and delicately treated. Both liv in a world which is much more Italian than our country women usually möve in, and both in their different ways giv as much as they gain from the teachers and fello pupils who receive them so heartily and finally cōme tō adore them. About the best points in this little sketch ar the easy dialog and the natural manner in which the passionate old 'maestro,' his ruffish, masculin sōn, and the selfish, unmoral, not immoral, genius Guido Gindotti, act and ar acted on by the bright society of twō simple-heärted English gentlewomen. It is obvious that every member of the little coterie is the better for the intercourse which is so vividly described, tho a terrible laps on Guido's part leads tō a tragic end of the hopes he önce shared with Evelyn Grey." [Athenæum. **546 p**

to the picturesque street architecture of an ancient **Norman** town. In such a scene, Edward Graham, the architect, is naturally entranced. But beauties of a more alluring type soon present themselves. The rival lilies are admirably contrasted. . . There are some strong minor characters. The aristocratic Mr. Bertram, who so felt his natural fit to his position, that his true name of Jones seemed justly dropped as inadequate; simple Aunt Graham; Sarah, the Scots' loyal old servant; frivolous Mrs. Fay, and honest Merle the builder, are persons whom one can remember. The weakest episode is that introducing the impossible Mortlocks, partisans of woman's rits in their least attractive form, but even this has some humor of the farcial sort." [Athenæum. 548

TWO OLD CATS. [by VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON: *Harper*, 1882.] "The scene is laid on the slopes of the Maritime Alps, at the borders of France and Italy, at **Monaco, Mentone**, and thereabouts. The 'two old cats' are two old women, Miss Moir and Miss Sherewell; and the unfortunate mouse between them is dainty Annie Howard. The question at issue is whether Miss Annie, american, shall marry Arthur Cockburn, englishman; and the question is of course decided by the young people in the affirmative, notwithstanding the claws of the 'two old cats,' and the importunate rivalry of the fat and bald Mr. Belmes. The charm of the story—and it has a very positive charm—lies in its loving description of the Mediterranean background, the refinement of its materials and manner, and the skill of its characterization; little Jessica of pathetic fate, and Lord

Topover, being notable additions to the figures named above. Miss Johnson has intellect, feeling, an artist's sense for what strikes and pleases the eye, a gift of humor, sympathy with all the better instincts of human nature, and unusual literary skill. All these are in this book." [Boston "Literary World."]—"It is but a trifle of a story, and yet it is not trivial. The love-story and the lovers themselves are but secondary. We quite know beforehand the handsome and ingenuous pair who, after not too much adversity, happily walk off the stage hand in hand. The charm of the story is its setting—the shores of the Mediterranean. The cats are neither very old nor very bad—the one with paws of velvet, soft and beguiling; the other stern, repellent, always ready for scratches, but both equally selfish and self-seeking." [Nation. 549

UGLY DUCKLING (AN). [by H: ERROLL: *Bentley*, 1887.] "In the remainder of the story the writer shows a fitness of touch and sense of humor which are in welcome relief to the sombre opening chapters. The school life at **Basel** and Kate's first romance are briefly told, tho there is a spice of caricature in the portraits of the various male visitors at Miss Schmidt's school. Here, too, we make the acquaintance of the good genius of the plot, the 'amurrican', Miss Susie Miller, a frank and kind-hearted rattle, with a great belief in her powers of persuasion, who ultimately rescues 'the ugly duckling' from the persecutions of an unscrupulous admirer. . . A really pretty episode in the story is Kate's visit to a charming country house, where, after having hitherto always been bullied and

oppressed elsewhere, she is made so much of that she can hardly believe in her good fortune. There is a good deal that touches one in 'An Ugly Duckling,' and the poetic justice of the dénouement is all the more welcome from having been so long deferred." [Athenæum. 550

UNDER THE TRICOLOR. [by LUCY HAMILTON (JONES) HOOPER: *Lippincott*, 1880.] "The real object of the book is to give a sketch of the members of the american colony, who pass before us thinly disguised. First come the 'low americans' of Mme. Magne's boarding-house, utterly unable to appreciate any life beyond that of their homes, with their bad french, and their love of bargains at the Bon Marché. . . We are then taken to the quarter of the Arc de Triomphe and shown the american nobility, 'mortified at the fact that they were born under the stars and stripes,' 'the only foreigners in Paris who are ashamed of their nationality.' They adore fashion and rank and title, and try their best to live near the rose if they cannot quite be it, even turning Catholic sometimes to win the social heaven. Why not? As Henri IV. said: Paris vaut bien une messe! Another method—but more expensive—is to buy vicomtes and barons as husbands for their daughters. Some of them, however, prefer to adopt english manners and talk, and to prostrate themselves at the feet of english swells; this class is increasing. An interesting matter for observation is the position of this aristocratic american colony, as Mrs. Hooper describes it, encamped on the outskirts of french fashionable society, gazing longingly upon a promised land into which they cannot hope to enter, despised by the

people they most admire and despising each other." [Nation. 551

UNFORESEEN (The). [by ALICE O'HANLON: *Harper*, 1885.] "The opening scenes are in a Canadian village. The French-Canadians are a comparatively unwritten people, and offer to the novelist a field where reality is almost one with romance and picturesqueness. Miss O'Hanlon begins very well, but abandons her fine opportunities for the attraction of a conventional background to her figures. Tho Mme. Vandeleur very soon loses her distinctive 'Canadienne' personality, she is a clever and brilliant adventuress, and her career is logically drawn, from its obscure beginning to its despairing end. She is by no means typical, but she is possible. Claudia Estcourt, the contrasting figure, is typical, and tho poetic justice may cry for the punishment of vanity, selfishness and cruelty, a wide experience of life will commend the author's inflexibility. The novel is overlaid with characters, and spun out, but it is carefully constructed, guided by taste and fine intention, and, moreover, it is interesting and enjoyable." [Nation. 552

VERA [by C. L. (HAWKINS) DEMPSTER: *Smith*, 1870.] "is one of those stories of which there is little to be said; that little, however, should be praise. It is remarkable chiefly for the agreeableness of its style, for its freedom from sensationalism—all its incidents being natural, and, to a large extent, historical,—for its glimpse of russian character, and for the strength and individuality of its hero and heroine. Col. St. John is not introduced to us as a prodigy in any respect; he is 'one of the simple great ones,' brave, manly, modest, and sin-

UP THE RHINE [by T. HOOD: London, 1840; N.-Y., *Putnam*. 1852] is "one of the pleasantest of Hood's many pleasant books. It is composed of letters, written by the various members of a family traveling up the Rhein, and conceived somewhat after the model of Humphrey Clinker. Hood's characters are a hypochondriac, a widow, a dashing young man, and a maid servant; and it is in exhibiting the oddities and humors of these, rather than in any description of the scenery, that the charm of the book consists. The letters of Martha Penny, the servant, are the gems of the volume. Her spelling and grammar are so felicitous in their infelicities, as to amount to a kind of genius; and the character is one of the best which Hood ever delineated." [Graham's. 552k

cere; whose conduct is altogether consistent with his nature, as the author makes it appear. Véra is a really charming creation: no wonder Col. St. John, with his 40 years, and his maimed arm, fell in love with her. There is a womanly purity about her which is more rare in novels than it ô to be; and while her character exhibits no notably positive features, it has a general effect of strength and symmetry most agreeable to contemplate." [Boston "Literary World."]— "Such is the first incident in the short but interesting tale, the thread of which is taken up again in **Rome**. There is a great deal of good description of russian and continental life, clear delineation of 2 gentle and yet decided characters, and a sufficiently exciting and happily concluded love-tale in store for those who care to learn the fortunes of the admirable Véra." [Athenæum. 553

VICTIMS. [by "THEO. GIFT," i.e., D. H. (H.) Boulger: *Holt*, 1887.] "The charm lies wholly in the telling of the story. The story itself is made up from hackneyed material: a simple little french girl, a strong and manly englishman, a cruel parents, a rich french count, an elopement, a frustration, a forced marriage, a duel, a brain-fever, death of the innocent 'victim,' and final marriage of the hero to the strong fine english girl whom he ô to have known enuf to marry in the first place. All this you are ready to declare you have read already a hundred times; but you haven't—at least, not told in the way this author tells it. The story is made singularly picturesque, chiefly with the local color of **Bretagne**, and there is great art in the way in which the author keeps our sympathy to the end for the al-

most, but never quite, ridiculous simplicity of the little trench maiden. We are permitted to see that if she had had one-tenth the strength of the other heroine, she would have been spared half her woes; and yet we can never quite despise her lack of strength. Altogether the story is in its way original, entertaining and pretty, in spite of its sadness and tragedy." [Critic.]—"Victims" is a story full of life and movement, and with no lack of plot. The contrivances are not at all badly managed and fitted together. . . . and the introduction of a jew- ish heroine and her relatives gives an opportunity for details of jewish life and character, which add a certain freshness of interest." [Athenæ. 554

VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF (The). [by A., [I.] (THACKERAY) RITCHIE: *Smith*, 1867.] "To a select proportion of novel-readers it is just possible that a story devoid of horrors and without an intricate plot may be an agreeable change; especially when such a story is related in good english, and in the natural and graceful style peculiar to the author of 'Elizabeth.' In 'The Village on the Cliff' we have a hero and a couple of heroines, all exceedingly like people we have known all our lives. . . . The account of Catherine's married life abounds in quaint and graphic touches of **Norman** life and manners. . . . The great charm of the work lies, after all, not so much in the story, as in the pleasant, unaffected manner in which it is told, and the exquisite pictures which are everywhere presented to the reader in 2 or 3 well-chosen sentences." [Athenæum. 555

VIRGINIA [by HENRIETTE A. DUFF: *Bentley*, 1877.] "is a rather pretty story. Since Hawthorne

wrote 'Transformation.' the sculptor at **Rome** has been a favorite hero with ladies and others who, having spent a winter in the Eternal City and been free of a studio or two, like to convey their impressions in the form of fiction. Until the end of Papal times, there was always enuf of second-rate mystery and mild intrigue going on to prevent the introduction of such things from being as unnatural as it would seem if the scene were laid in any other capital. . . The story gets its name from a young Roman countess with whom the sculptor is in love, and also from a statue which he makes, representing the Virginia of the Republic and Macaulay's Lay. There is a rather puzzling connection between the two; for, tho the statue is not modelled from the lady, observers persist in detecting a likeness, which the artist will not acknowledge, tho ultimately he breaks the statue, rather than compromise the lady. However, he marries her at last, and all comes rit. As we have said, the story is gracefully enuf told." [Athenæum. 556

VIVIAN THE BEAUTY. [by ANNE EDWARDS: *Appleton*, 1879.] "Nothing of Mrs. Edwards' has pleased us more than this. It is the simply told story of simple life in a german "schloss", with little Jeanne, her tutor and the houskeeper for chief figures. 'Vivian the Beauty' is an english actress, one of a party subsequently introduced upon the scene. We have discovered no special object in the book, beyond the pleasant, easy entertainment of the reader, and this is accomplished without too great a demand upon his faculties." [Boston "Literary World." 557

WEEK IN A FRENCH COUN-

TRY-HOUSE (A). [by ADELAIDE (KEMBLE) SARTORIS: *Loring*, 1868.] "There are writers whose grace rather than their strength or beauty is their charm, and whose manner and tone qualify them for admission to the circle of the great ones and princes. Such surely is Mrs. Sartoris, the author of that delightful story 'A Week in a French 'Country-House'.—with at least one character admirable and new in fiction—which no one ever read who would not wish he had not, and that it was still to read." [Nation. 558

WHO BREAKS—PAYS. [by HENRIETTA CAMILLA (JACKSON) JENKIN: *Smith*, 1861.] "We have seldom found a story possessing so deep, absorbing, and well-sustained interest, combined with such apparent reality of incident, delicacy in the perception and delineation of character, and such sympathetic analysis of emotion that it assumes throuout more the air of a true history than a mere work of fiction. Refinement and pure taste are everywhere present; the dialog is easy and flows with a smooth, life-like current; the descriptions of every-day life in **France, England, and Italy** are simple and truthful." [Round Table.]—"The story opens with the rather trite occurrence of a 'foreiner' poor yet noble, who gives italian lessons to support himself, falling in love with his rich and beautiful pupil, even as that model of the 'deeply, darkly, desperately' delightful Thaddeus of Warsaw, did before him, and under much the same circumstances as those in which Ruffini's Paolo falls in love with Miss Lavinia Jones. But it is pleasant to see what a nice judgment of the natural consequence of education and character and circumstances can make

WHEN ALL WAS YOUNG. [by
 CECIL CLARK: London *Stock*, 1885] "is
 a very innocent and tender little love
 story. A lüvelorn damsel, dwelling in
Saxon Switzerland, encloses in a
 tin canister a despairing letter tō her
 löver, entreating him tō cōme bac tō her.
 This canister she sends floating down the
 Elbe, and it is fished up by sōme English
 children. Thêir widowed mōther deter-
 mins tō trace the wřiter, and bring about
 a reconciliation between the lövers.
 In carrying out this purpos, she acci-
 dentally falls in with an old friend and
 admirer, whō co-operates with her so
 ardently and effectually, that not òne,
 but twō happy marriages ar brót about
 by the old canister." [Westmin. 558 p

out of this romantic and hackneyed starting-point. It is a skilful biographer who can describe an entanglement throu all its fâses as justly, keenly, sympathetically, as the entanglement in this book is described. No vulgar partizanship betrays an inward pique which the wounded novelist seeks to avenge by relating it to the world. The perusal of Lill's history would be a real balm to a girl—and many a one there is—who is or has been in Lill's predicament: i. e., pursued by a superior man whom she knows she ôt to love, but whom, somehow, she can not love. How tenderly, and yet with what unflinching just, are her weaknesses dealt with! How the delicate touches of humor lighten the picture without ever rendering ridiculous the real suffering of the poor, young, thôtless, fashionable girl. This author dissects with gentleness and fellow-feeling, like a woman; not like a man who runs his sword throu the Gordian knot of feminine complexities, and holding up the ravelled cords, cries, 'There's your mental formation, madam!' But if our entertainer's sex is betrayed by her fineness, it never is by her femineity. She generalizes like a man. She is free from affectation. She does not permit one's feelings for either hero or heroine to conflict with the justice due to the other; one is forced to understand how there may be two sides to a story." [Nation. 559]

WINNIE'S HISTORY. [by M. C. M. (SENIOR) SIMPSON: *Hurst*, 1877.] "The scene is laid in France, and the description of french society seems drawn from experience. Tho Winnie's hero, an untruthful, histronic roué, is widely different from the ideal she forms of her count, he has

the merit of being in love with her, as far as his nature will permit; and their attachment appears to raise the one from mere frivolity, and to enhance the unselfish simplicity of the other. As Émile dies in time to prevent further danger of unfaithfulness, Winnie preserves her ideal, and is happier in its possession than she would have been in the unromantic fruition of domestic happiness with sober Stephen Armstrong—a hero of a more genuine stamp. The character of this energetic young politician is litly sketched, but is representative of many of the more conscientious of our rising public men; while in aunt Eunice, in the old french marquis, and the general and his wife, we find indications of appreciation of other types of character." [Athenæum. 560]

WITHIN AN ACE. [by H. C. (J.) JENKIN: *Smith*, 1869.] "A quiet little stor, this is distinguished by the same gracefulness which we have before now commented on in the author's style. At the end of a tale like this it is, at first thôt, amusing to reflect, on looking back, how little of real plot has sufficed to keep one's attention wide awake. When we have said that a fine, sterling specimen of the genus gentleman (in the hiest sense of the word) marries a girl, good and clever at the core and perverse and foolish on the surface, and that they are 'within an ace' of separating forever, till their good angel sets all things strait, we have, in fact, told all that the author has to tell. We need hardly remark, therefore, that her way of telling it is her chief merit: add to this that her faculty of portrait painting is of hî order; and the whole explanation of the author's success is unfolded. The dear old duke (the

most flegmatic of his friends would hardly growl at that gush of enthusiasm). De Jencay, Chattie, and Yolande, are characters which do not stamp themselves on the reader's mind by jerks and blows, but by the same silent, gradual influence which forms true friendships in real life, stamp themselves even more effectively."

Scene in **France**. [Athenæum. 561

WOMAN-HATER (A). [by C: READE: *Harper*, 1877.] "Sanitary reform, the rite of women to become medical practitioners, the grandeur and beauty of noble music and the unutterable despicableness of that which is trivial—these are the burden and moral of the book, the 2 former being embodied in the person of Rhoda Gale, M. D., anglo-american, and the latter in La Klosking, great singer and anglo-dane. . . It has, what is rare nowadays, a complex, skilfully-constructed plot; it is full of life, and movement and vigor; it offers a favorable example of the trenchant and brilliant qualities of Mr. Reade's style; and the waywardness and mannerism which have marred much of his later work are far less conspicuous, chiefly, perhaps, because the story was written for anonymous publication. Readers may feel but scant interest in woman's rites, but when once they have begun the story they will be reluctant to lay it aside." [Appletons'. 562

WON! [by —(LEUPOLD) BUXTON: *Bentley*, 1877.] "The quiet, happy, cultivated German home in which the good heroine is discovered by the characterless and under-bred hero, is

remarkably well drawn. The manners and customs of the **Hamburgers**, the homely household routine, the simple pleasures, the half-stolid, half-sentimental ways of the men and women, the odd mingling of art and literature with pursuits which seem to us almost childish, and the enthusiasm about amusements which would be voted a rather severe form of boredom by our society, with its present hilly peppered palate, are very well conveyed. This part of the narrative runs easily, and there is even some humor in the description of Claud Morel, the painter, who is in love with Pearl Gray, and of Lotta Steinmann, who is in love with him; of the solemnities of the betrothal-party, when the grand englishman and the pretty english governess are exhibited as the 'Braut-paar', and undergo all sorts of queer but kindly formalities; and of the 'ice-picnic' on the Alster." [Spectator. 563

WOODHILL: *De Witt*, 1856. = **THE EXILES**.

WORLD'S VERDICT (The) [by M: HOPKINS, *Ticknor*: 1888.] "is a readable, intelligently written story of dilettante americans living abroad and enjoying themselves in the society—apparently not too rigid in its standards—of similar unoccupied people. The author records a mild protest against this method of life by having his hero and heroine fall in love with earnest people outside their social lines, and throw the conventionalities over to wed and go to work; but it is all rather ineffective, and has a youthful sound." [Overland. 564

[From the "School Bulletin," Aug., 1892.]

We hope teachers will not fail to recognize the work W. M. Griswold is doing in his classified bibliography. He sends us a *DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF NOVELS AND TALES DEALING WITH LIFE IN FRANCE* (Cambridge, Mass., 1892, 8vo, pp. 94, \$1.00), which is of immediate practical use to the teacher of French history as well as of French literature.

[From the "Central Christian Advocate."]

Mr. Griswold has done an excellent work, which will be appreciated by all librarians, and by many people of cultivated taste who wish to get on the track of the best French fiction, or at least to secure some guidance and information in regard to its qualities and characteristics. His former "lists" have dealt with American City and Country Life; with Life in England, etc. . . . Life in city and country, peasant life and soldier life, the reckless and adventurous career of the free and easy student in Paris, and the rude rustic among the mountains,—all these phases of French life pass in review in the books which Mr. Griswold has here catalogued. A guide like this would be invaluable to a student of French literature, telling as well what to avoid, as what to secure and read.

[From the "Boston Commonwealth," 13 Aug., 1892.]


If all libraries were generously equipped with these Lists, the long-suffering curator of books would find more pleasure in life. The compilation and selection are made with rare skill. The poor book drops into deserved oblivion, while the worthy but neglected and forgotten good book is restored to the eye of the world.

Some not too busy people make note of the name of a novel recommended by a trustworthy critic, but when the time for use comes the note seldom is at hand, and, if ready, generally gives the mere title and no idea of the contents. But here is a series of brochures that contain excerpts from the fairest critical notices, often from several sources, and one is enabled to form a sort of judgment of choice without actually glancing at the book itself. Of course, those dealing with foreign lands must for the greater part be translations, since with few exceptions the most truthful and vivid characterizations come from the compatriot who has summered and wintered his fellows. Few people realize the patience, skill, and labor involved in such an undertaking as the publication of these successive lists, but those who do should urge upon others the use of so valuable a means of education and pleasure. As a series of 'condensed novels' they are interesting, too.




INDEX TO AUTHORS.*

- A**NONYMOUS, *Alcestis* (582), *Alice Graeme* (1044), *Anthony Fairfax* (1056), *Antonio di Carara* (973), *Banning & Blessing* (1078), *Basil St. John* (1086), *Beautiful Edith* (1089), *Beauty of Amalfi* (603), *Bertie* (6 t), *Blanche Seymour* (1108), *Blythe House* (1111), *Boscobel* (10), *Breton Maiden* (616), *Chateau Lescure* (635), *Chateau Morville* (636), *Cinderella* (1149), *Coquette* (2361), *Culmshire Folk* (1179), *David Armstrong* (1190), *Democracy* (228), *Dingy house* (1205), *Divided* (1210), *Dr. Hermione* (1211), *Duke's Marriage* (2021), *Elsie* (1242), *Fallen Angel* (1261), *First Temptation* (2300), *For Better for Worse* (1276), *Forester of Altenheim* (2395), *Four Crotchets* (1284), *Four Schoolfellows* (1286), *Garden of Eden* (1296), *Gemini* (37), *Horrid Girl* (1372), *Hurst & Hanger* (1378), *Ideala* (1379a), *In Exile* (2482), *It Might Have Been* (1395), *Lady Hetty* (1443), *Likes and Dislikes* (486 h), *Lil* (1473), *Lost Battle* (2114), *Lost Inheritance* (1483), *Lost Reputation* (1485), *Love or Pride* (803), *Madame Lucas* (2128), *Madeline's Fault* (2130), *Man's a Man for a' That* (493), *Max Wild* (2471), *Modern Greek Heroine* (1583), *Money* (2474), *Monksford* (1588), *Morning Gray* (1592), *My Cousin Maurice* (501q), *My Guardian* (1599), *My Insect Queen* (1600), *My Marriage* (1004), *My Queen* (1607), *My Trivial Life* (1608), *Near to Happiness* (2187), *Nora* (2477), *Northam Cloisters* (1626), *Not for the World* (2478), *Only a Girl* (2195), *Our Little Ann* (1655), *Overmatched* (1658), *Pen* (1673), *Polly* (1691), *Princess Amelie* (903), *Pure-souled Liar* (349), *Queen (A)* (2501), *Rare Pale Margaret* (1722), *Rebel Rose* (1726), *Red Cross* (916), *Regent Rosalind* (1730), *Repentance of Paul Wentworth* (1731), *Rubina* (362), *St. Agnes Bay* (1752), *Shadrach* (1766), *Sister* (1790), *Story of Colette* (2267), *Straight On* (2270), *Strathrowan* (1817), *Sunshine and Shadow* (1822), *Sylvan Queen* (1828), *Taken by Siege* (379), *Tales of European Life* (538p), *Three Geoffreys*, (1847), *Three Sisters* (541p), *Twixt Wife & Fatherland* (546), *Under the Ban* (2297), *Village Astronomer* (2547), *What You Will* (1907), *White Slave* (2703), *Will Denbigh* (1920), *Winna* (1921), *Wolf at the Door* (0405), *Women's Husbands* (0408), *Young Mistley* (1938)
- Abbott, L., 217
 About, E., 1980, 2053, 773, 2143, 2175, 2188, 2238, 983, 2266, 2272, 2287, 2288, 2294, 2307
 Adams, M., 51 [2228
 Aidé, H., 1389, 1618, 1676,
 Alcott L., M., 90 t, 239, 286, 74, 846, 327, 360, 367, 0409
 Aldrich, T. B., 898, 247, 353, 520, 144, 145
 "Alexander, Mrs.," 1029, 1177, 456, 1850, 734, 1480, 1586, 1720, 1913, 1934, 2464
 Alger, Horatio, 95 [1858
 Alldridge, L., 1127, 1712,
 Allen, Grant, 417, 540, 1083
 —, Phoebe, 1636
 Altieri, O. (C.), 628, 754, 2075, 2239 [747 h
 Andersen, H. C., 882, 2583,
 Anstey, F., 1305, 1661
 Apel, J. A., 693
 Arbouville, 2227, 2281, 2301
 Archer, E. M. (T.), 1314, 1876
 Armstrong, W., 980
 Arnold, E. L., 2728
 "Arr, E. H.," 94


*PART I., *Novels of American Country Life* (Numbers 1-178), H., *Novels of American City Life* (Nos. 179-0413), III., *International Novels* (Nos. 401-564),—price: \$.50 each; IV., *Romantic Novels* (Nos. 579-1024), \$1.00; V., *British Novels* (1025-1941), \$2.00; VI., *Novels descriptive of Life in France* (Nos. 1943-2322), \$1.00; — of Germany (Nos. 2323-2563), \$1.00; — of Italy (Nos. 2565-2609), \$.25; — of Russia (Nos. 2610-2705), \$.50; — of Norway (Nos. 2706-30), \$.25.


- "Auer, Adelheid," 2440
Auerbach, B., 881, 524, 2328.
2342, 2347, 2351, 2357, 2360.
2367, 2375, 2391, 2396, 2412,
2441, 2442, 2448, 2455, 2458,
2469, 2475. 2509 t, 2499,
2552
Aulney, Léonie, 2190
Austen, J., 1246, 1515, 1627,
1679, 1697
Austin, J. (G.), 21, 89
"Ayrton, S. C." [M. F. .
CHAPMAN.] 1762
BACHELOR'S BLUN-
DEER (A), by W: E:
NORRIS: (New-York, *H:*
Holt & Company, 8°, 50
cents.) 1076
Baker, J. A., 1129
—, W: M., 214
Baldwin, Jo. G., 33 k
Balzac, H., 583, 1944, 1946,
1961, 1964, 1976, 1982, 1986,
1991, 1993, 2003, 2007, 2008,
2018, 2019, 2020, 2024, 2027,
2028, 2050, 2065, 2072, 2104,
2124, 2126, 2165, 2174, 2201,
2206, 2208, 2212 d, 2223,
2226, 2253, 2260, 2289, 2299.
2300
Bardeen, C. W., 127
Barker, Bernard, 1240
Barr, A. E. (H.), 1103, 615.
1186, 761, 1534, 1805
Barrett, Frank, 1362
Barrie, J. M., 1475 m, 1920 p
Barrili, 2573, 2576, 2597, 2608
Barry, ALFRED, 862
Bartlett, Th., 264
Bartol, M., 271
Bates, A., 68, 843a, 337, 112,
339
Baylor, F. C., 509
Beaconsfield, earl of, 1159,
682, 730, 801, 999, 1895
Beale, A., 1782, 1804
Bean, H. M., 4043
Béchar, F., 2155
Becker, A., 2533
Beecher, H: W., 99
Bell, J. F., 1695
Bellamy, C: Jo., 202
—, E., 232, 138
—, E. W. (C.), 253, 292
Bélot, Adolphe, 2137
Belt, H. P., 841
Benedict, F. L., 88, 322, 117
Bentley, T., 1264
Bergsøe, 899 [2105, 2315
Bernard, C: de, 2031, 2103.
Bernhard, M., 2429 r, 2506
Bersier, 819, 495, 2302
Berthet, L. E. B., 818, 2252
Besant, W., 1053, 1093, 1143,
1424, 1769, 1021, 1853, 1872;
and Ja. Rice, 1047, 1315,
1587, 1603, 1725, 1765, 1779,
1820, 1872, 1923
Beverly, M., 1589 [2598
Bewicke, A. E. N., 1523,
Biat, Lucien, 2026
Biernatzki, 2420 p
Bigot, M. (H.), 287, 886,
533, 536, 2035, 2157
Biller, E., 2292
Bishop, W: H., 274
Blaze, R. (S.), 1948
Björnsen, B., 427, 2707, 2710,
2712, 2713, 2716, 2718, 2720,
2723, 2729
Black, C., 1652, 1825
—, MA. MOYES, 1384
—, W., 1090, 1187, 1285,
1324, 1333, 1388, 1430, 1448,
1488, 807, 1505, 813, 829,
1674, 1700, 905, 1777, 1807,
1815, 1816, 1015, 1846, 1914
Blackmore, R: D., 584, 642,
661, 1176, 684, 1435, 798,
814, 833, 953
Blackwell, A. B., 276
Blagden, Isa, 406 d
Blaze "de Bury," 1948
Blind, Mathilde, 974
"Bonner, Sherwood," 72
Bourget, Paul, 1951, 2117,
2203, 2276, 2303
Bowles, Emily, 2074
Boy-Ed, Ida, 2435 t
Boyesen, H. H., 504, 2715
Boyle, F., 695, 1275
Brachvogel, A. E., 2407 d
Braddon, M. E., 1373, 755,
1418, 777, 1060, 982, 986
Bradley, M. E. (N.), 24 r
Bradshaw, — (), 1738
Bramston, M., 1244, 1742
Brentano, C., 2429 k
Brock, F. E. G. (B.), 1527
Brodie, Carriek, 735 [1002
Bronte, C., 762, 519, 1892,
—, Emily, 1022
Brooks, [C: W:] S. 1059
Broughton, Rhoda, 420,
1156, 1406, 1611, 1630, 1727,
1768
Brown, Alice, 249
—, H. D., 161
—, W: P., 364
Bruce, E. M., 158
Brush, C. (C.), 215, 60
Buchanan, H. (J.), 668, 1710
—, "Rachel," 227
—, Ro., 1287, 835
Bulfinch, S. G., 740
Bulgarin, Thaddeus, 2647
Bulow, A. von, 2497
Bulwer, E.,  Lytton.
Bunner, H: C., 313
Bunnett, F. E., 2454
Burnett, F., [E.] (H.),
1216, 450, [1258], 1339, 793,
75, 1553, 900, 1716, 1758,
1831, 883
Burnham, C. L. (R.), 86 t,
226, 97, 325, 176
Burrowes, Rose, 1489
Burton, W., 127, 22 m
Butler, R., 1404
Butt, B. M., 1197, 681, 1559,
2023, 2064
—, Geraldine, 1802
Butterworth, H., 394
Buxton, — (L.), 593 [387
Bynner, E. F., 581, 98, 897,
"Byr, Ro.," 2527
Byrrne, E. F., 1248, 1348
Cable, G: W., 614, 234,
720, 808, 874, 964
Cadell, J. (), 1379 [1030
Caddy, Florence (),
Caine, T: Hall, 672, 940
Cameron, EMILY (SHARP),

- 1470 [171 —, Wilkie, 601, 671, 1255, Craven, H : THORNTON, 879
Campbell, H. (S.), 48, 358, 1359, 1461, 1619, 1023 —. P. (La. F.), 440, 700
Capes, J : MOORE, 501 "Colombi, Marchesa," 2585, Crawford, Fr. M., 185, 648,
Carew, Rachel, 539 2607 675, 724, 843, 894, 922, 933,
Carey, R. N., 1067, 1080, Comyn, L. N., 439 h, 1066 1829, 543, 2595, 2601, 2602
1251, 1278, 1355, 1491, CONFESSIONS OF HAR- Crawford, O., 1935
1533 a. 1614, 1629, 1648, RY LORREQUER (The), Crommelin, M., 1106, 1405,
1714, 1787a, 1766, 1903, 1933 by LEVER: (Boston, 1649, 1713
Carleton, W., 1019 *Little, Brown & Co.*, Cross, M. B., 1852
Carpenter, E. B., 141 2 vols. 8°, illustrated by Cudlip, A. (T.), 1178, 1198,
Carr, Alaric, 545 h Phiz. \$5.) 727 1664
—, Alice VANSITTART CONSUELO, by GEORGE Cummins, M. S., 781, 801
(SNRETTTEL), 1522 SAND, (Philadelphia, T. Cunningham, H : S., 1354.
Carrington, K., 193 [114 m B. Peterson & Bros., 12°. 1459, 1909
Cary, Alice, 15 m, 41, 80 p. \$1.25. paper, \$1.75). 650
Cate, E. J., 377 "Conway, H.," 1265
Catherine II., 2646 Cook, [E:] Dutton, 1669,
Catherwood, M. (H.), 221, 1785
126, 924 Cooke, Rose (Terry), 54 r.
Cavazza, E., 2574 m 225, 146, 142, 143, 954
Célices, P., 2262 "Coolidge, Susan," 251, 73
Cervantes, 676 Coombs, A. (S.), 712
Chamberlain, N. H., 196 Cooper, Ja. F., 466 t. 785, 893
Champany, E. [J.] (W.), —, K. (S.), 1342
424 —, T., 689
Chaplin, H. W., 23 Coppée, Fr., 2063, 2071, 2276
Cherbuliez, V., 653, 768, Corelli, Marie, 541
499, 2082, 2085, 2090, 2158, Corkran, Alice [ABIGAIL],
2219, 2234, 2241, 2242 1100, 1024, 2144
Chesebro, Caroline, 34, 114 Cottin, S. (R.), 680
Chesney, G : T., 1702 Coulson, J. G. A., 507
Chetwynd, J. B. (D.), 1737 COUNT OF MONTE-
Childar, Cath., 492 k, 1223 CRISTO, by DUMAS,
CHILDREN OF THE (Philadelphia, T. B.
EARTH, by ANNIE R. Peterson & Bros., paper
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cloth, \$1., flexible cloth, vols. 12 mo. cloth, gilt top,
50 cents.) 213 \$6.00, Boston, *Little,
Brown & Co.*) 654
Claffin, M. B., 122h Cox, Maria A., 122
Clark, M., 1393 r Coxon, E., 1085
Clarke, Cecil, 558 p, 1243 Cozzens, F : S., 141 p
Clayton, C., 1073, 1236 "Craddock, C : E.," 673, 56,
Cleland, Ro., 1079, 1393, 388 59, 906, 1012
Clement, C. (E.), 439 Craddock, HARRIET (LIS-
Clifford, L. (L.), 1576, 1839 TER), 1414
Clive, K., 2374 Craik, D. M. (M.), 1034,
Cobb, S. D., 47 1117, 1145, 1332, 1356, 1410,
—, Sylvanus, 775 1431, 1460, 1467, 1562, 1605,
—, T., 1642 1623, 1868, 1929, 1939
Collins, M. [Cook], 1390


- Desleys, C., 2077
 "Detlef, Carl," 413. 2546, 2621, 2626, 2659, 2676.
 Devereux, G. H., 133
 Dewart, J. van, 723, 2467
 Diaz, Abbey (M.), 0404
 Dickens, C.: 309, 722, 792, 831, 865, 2176, 972, 1656, 1191
 Dillwyn, E. A., 1125
 Dingelstedt, Franz, 2330
 Dobson, W.: 1144
 Dodge, M. (M.), 157
 Dorr, J. C. (R.), 30w, 70f, 687
 Dostoieffski, 2619, 2639, 2640, 2642, 2695
 Doudney, S. S., 1908, 1911
 Douglas, A. M., 256, 333, 174
 —, G.: 1122, 1728
 — [Davies], C. J... 1787
 Downey, E., 1387
 Droz, G., 1938, 1962p, 1967, 2022, 2140, 2198, 2249
 Drury, Anna Harriet, 751
 "Duchess" (The).  Hungerford
 Duff, H. A. 556 [654
 Dumas, Alex., 2037, 1997
 —, —, Jr., 1954, 1989, 2095, 2213, 2280
 Dunning, C... 426, 371, 165
 Dunsmuir, A.,  Oil-phant.
 Dupuy, E. A... 585, 745
Earl, H. P., 1363
 — Eaton, F., 119
 Ehlers G., 820
 Eichlaw, Ary, 923
 Eckstein, Ernst, 1018, 2326, 2344, 2490, 2550
 Eden, Eleanor, 1231, 1263
 —, Emily, 1770
 Edgeworth, M., 1092, 1137
 Edler, K.: E., 598
 Edwards, — (Cox), 1682
 —, A. B., 1081, 1320, 776, 2058
 —, Annie, 412, 414, 418, 423, 662, 459, 1310, 475, 485, 1554, 1591, 1650, 1654, 895, 1689, 1690, 1824, 557, 1936
 —, H. S., 163
 —, M. B., 452k, 1119, 1121, 436, 688, 1437, 802, 909, 1915, 2473
 Eggleston, E.: 15, 30, 40, 52, 92, 131
 —, G.: C., 79
 Eichendorff, Jo. von, 838
 Eliot, E. (), 1422, 1504, 1601, 1797
 "Elbon, B.," 1101
 "Eliot, G.:" 1027, 1185, 1269, 1402, 1544, 1547, 926, 1750, 1730
 Elliott, H.: R., 197
 —, S. S. B., 368
 Ellis, S. (S.), 1688
 Emerson, M. S., 588
 Emery, S. A., 159
 Enault, L.: 640, 2222
 Engel, J.: J., 821
 English, T. D., 759
 Ereckmann-Chatrian, 619, 649, 809, 887, 960, 1906, 1975, 2036, 2046, 2127, 2142, 2224, 2295, 2408
 "Erroll, H.," 1025, 550
 Erskine, Mrs., 1526, 1937
 Eschstruth, von, 2381, 2559
 Essing, 2377
 Evans, ALBERT E., 1704
 —, Augusta J., 931
 Ewing, J. H. (G.), 1181, 1397, 1399, 1477, 1792, 1812
Fabre, F., 1942 s
 — Falconer, H... 957
 Fawcett, Edgar, 181, 184, 240, 259, 272, 273, 307, 329, 385
 Farina, 2578, 2591, 2604
 Fendall, Percy, 532
 Fenn, G.: M., 1476, 1890
 "Fern, Fanny," 129
 Ferrier, M., 1529
 Fetherstonhaugh, M. G. (CARLETON), 1279, 1429, 1433
 Feuillet, Octave, 606, 1947, 1958 a, 2107, 2151, 2170, 2194, 2221, 2232, 2246, 2269, 2308
 Féval, Paul, 869
 Feydeau, Ernest, 599, 2029, 2248
 Field, C. (W.), 46
 Fielding, H.: 1417 s, 1855 k
 "Fife, M. B.,"  M. M. Black.
FIRST VIOLIN, by JESSIE FOTHERGILL: (New-York H: Holt & Co., cloth, \$1., paper, 30 cents.) 698
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND OTHER STORIES. by H. W. CHAPLIN (12 mo. cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.) 33
 Flagg, W.: J., 89
 Flaubert, Gustave, 932, 2122
 "Fleming, G.," 411, 478, 1000
 "Flemming, Harford," 207
 Fleuriot, Z. M. A., 2111
 Fogazzaro, Antonio, 2572
 Foote, M., 766, 783, 786
 Forde, Gertrude, 438, 511
 "Forrester, Mrs., 1545
 Foster, H. (W.), 651
 Fothergill, Car., 434, 1249, 1896
 —, Jessie, 1039, 698, 1292, 1341, 1436, 1454, 1506, 1516, 1646, 1677, 1703, 1010
 "Foxton, E.," 267
 France, A., 2009
 Francillon, R. E., 641, 787, 965, 996, 2450
 François, Luise von, 2449
 Franzos, K.: E., 702, 765
 Freytag, Gustav, 799, 2369
 Friis, J. A., 780
Gagnebin, — (), 2060
 — Galetti, Ma., 416 k, 426 k
 Gallenga, A. [C. N.], 2570
 Gambier, J. W.: 968
 "Garrett, E.:" 1061, 1132, 1266, 1469, 1632
 Garshinski, V., 2654
 Gaskell, E. (S.) 1175,


- 1532, 1565, 1590, 1602, 1735,
1147, 1749, 970, 1926
Gasparin, V. (B.), 1979
Gautier, Théophile, 624,
2134, 2205, 2276
Gellie, M. E., 1809
Gerard [Longard], Doro-
thea, 519 r, 883, 1440, 915
— [Laszowska], E., 937
—, "E. D.," 605, 914, 1773,
1009
Gerstücker, F.: 557 m, 1016
Gibbon, C.: 1128, 1220, 1317,
1511, 1906
Gibson, W.: H., 111
Gifford, M. A., 1432
"Gift. Theo.," 1206, 487.
1509, 1530, 1696, 554
Gilbert, W.: 1212
Ginisty, —, 2218
Girardin, D. (G.), 2145,
2264, 2312
—, [M. A.] J., 2017
Giske, Ro., 2509
Glümer, C. von, 2403, 2436,
2476
Godfrey, — (), 1881
Goethe, 1017, 2378.
Gogol, 2622, 2623, 2625, 2634,
2658, 2668
Goldsmith, O., 1001
Goncourt, E. de, 2102, 2321
—, E. & J. de, 1992, 2054,
2258
Goodwin, H. B., 704
"Gordon, Julien," 375
Gore, C. G. F. (), 2164
Gourard, —, 2040
Gozlan, Léon, 2169
Graeme, Elliot, 506
Graham, S., 1316
"Grant, G." 1321
—, M. M., 427 k, 592, 537
—, Ro., 449
Gray, E. M., 440 k
Green, A. K., 378
Greene, LOUISE LILLIAS
(PLUNKET), 1026
Greenough, F. (B.), 187
"Gréville, H.," 1971, 2003,
2045, 2049, 2153, 2209, 2275,
2616, 2631, 2632, 2651, 2656,
2662, 2669, 2672, 2673, 2681,
2685, 2688, 2692, 2705
"Grey, M.," 917, 1877
Griffith, C., 1624
Grigorovich, D., 2624
Guernsey, L. E., 314
Guizot, E. C. P., 2217, 2291,
2319
"Gyp," 2150
Habberton, J.: 282
Hacklander, F.: W.:
772, 2358, 2366, 2389, 2394,
2483
Hagen, A.: 870
Haggard, H.: R., 764, 939
Hahn, Ida (H.), 2387, 2544
Hale, E. E., 746, 748, 815,
818, 395
Halévy, L., 401, 2010, 2119
Haller, Gustave, 2098
Halliday, H. C. 1333
Hamerton, E. (G.), 461, 2083
—, P. G., 1335, 466, 824,
1904
"Hamilton, Gail," 32
—, K. W., 120
Hamley, E.: B., 1445
—, W.: G., 909
Hamlin, M. (S.), 343
Harder, L.: 2384
Hardman, F.: 736
Hardy, A. S., 891, 173, 1977
—, I. D., 1308
—, T.: 1200, 1263, 1270,
1331, 1453, 1538, 1660, 1732,
918, 991, 1875, 1931
Harland, H.: 261, 483, 319,
0411
—, "Marion," 2 q, 91 f,
257, 278
Harris, E. M., 1097, 1250,
1466
—, J. C., 708
—, M. (C.), 340
Harrison, Agnes, 310, 2240
—, C. (C.), 186, 265
—, Joanna, 1628
Hart, FANNY (WHEELER),
1289, 1887, 1919
—, Mabel, 546 p
- Harte. [Fr.] B., 590, 621,
663, 665, 701, 733, 750, 788,
806, 832, 839, 139, 949, 1008
Hartley, M. (L.), 1146, 1371,
1687
"Hartner, Eva," 2500, 2517
Harwood, I., 1425, 1724
Hauff, W.: 2086, 2216, 2286
Hawthorne, J., 1622
—, N., 610, 743, 817, 934
Hay J.: 201
—, M. (C.), 1625, 1806
Hazlett, H., 1313
Hearn, Lafcadio, 638
"Heimbürg, W.," 993, 2359 a,
2372, 2409, 2413, 2426, 2437,
2451, 2457, 2486, 2492, 2518,
2522
"Helma, C.," 2420, 2497 h
Helmore, M. A. C., 1498
Henderson, J.: 406, 518
Henkel, F., 845
Hentz, C. L. (W.), 659, 791
Hering, [ACTON], Jeanie 466
Hervieu, Paul, 2033
Heyse, Paul, 669, 707, 752,
482, 2340, 2356, 2362, 2380,
2434, 2507, 2524, 2529, 2541
2568, 2587, 2593, 2596, 2600
2609
Higginson, T. W., 78
Hillern, W. (B.) v., 737
741, 1005, 2353, 2542
HODGES, SYDNEY, 1615
Hofer, B., 2482
Hoey, F. S. (JOHNSON)
(STEWART), 1492
Hoffmann, H., 2588
HOHENSTEIN (The), by
SPIELHAGEN: (New
York, H: Holt & Co.
paper, 50 cents.) 73¢
Holden, E. G., 245
Holland, J. G., 191, 602, 86
Holmes, M. J. (H.), 30 h
154 t, 233
—, O. W., 29, 43, 91
Holt, J. S., 179
Hood, T.: 552 k
Hooper, L. H. (J.), 551, 269¢
Hope, A. J. B., 1116, 1818

- , Cecil, 1764
 —, L., 1593
 —, S.,  Hodges.
 Hopffen, Hans, 2400, 2537
 Hopkins, [J.] E., 1744
 —, M., 564
 —, T., 1631
 Hoppin, A., 123. 162
 Hoppus, A. M., 699, 1560
 Horn, G., 655
 —, W. O. von, 2407
 Hornblower, Mrs., 324
 Hotahehko, N. H., 2678
 Howard, B. W., 597, 416,
 725, 1008, 544, 2485
 Howe, E. W., 306, 857, 146
 Howell, C., 1182
 Howells, W. D., 4, 189, 5,
 14, 24, 453, 263, 471, 69,
 315, 90, 336, 346, 117 p, 357,
 156, 0407
 Hubbell, M. (S.), 136
 Hughes, T., 1854, 1855
 Hugo, V., 790, 867, 871
 Hullah, M., E., 2433
 Humphrey, F., A. (P.), 211
 Hungerford, Ma. (HAM-
 LTON) (ARGLES), 1037,
 1113, 1260, 1435, 1382, 1494,
 1510, 1531, 1572, 1585, 1694,
 1745
 Hunt, M. (R.), 1462, 1768 a,
 1832, 1837, 1842
 Hunter, H., 1595
 Inghald, E., (S.), 946,
 1781
 Ingelow, J., 1217, 1411, 1750
 Ingersleben, E. von, 2456
 Jackson, H., M. (F.) (H.),
 8, 84, 910, 134, 177, 433,
 1307, 1343
 James, G. P. R., 967
 —, H., 410, 200, 415, 431,
 432, 447, 454, 474, 489, 514,
 515, 516, 517, 904, 522, 525,
 523, 398, 1859
 Janson, K., 2727
 Janvier, T. A., 216 [0406
 Jeaffreson, J. C., 1638 a,
 Jenkin, H. C. (J.), 660, 1793,
 559, 561, 2089, 2123, 2193,
 2220
 Jephson, P. P., 1037
 Jewett, S., O., 7, 16, 17, 20,
 67, 81, 82, 101, 328, 374,
 153, 172
 —, S. W., 36
 Johnson, E., W., 0410
 —, H., (K.), 121, 354
 —, V. W., 455, 467 h, 502,
 545, 390, 549
 Johnston, H., 1147
 Jokai, M., 847
 Jolly, E., 1134, 1672
 Jones, C. H., 22
 Judd, Sylvester, 80, 125
 Julliot, François de, 2130
 “Juncker, E.”, 2461, 2465
 Junior, T. C., 1496
 KKarr, Alphonse, 1945, 2282
 Katsch, A. E., 997
 Kavanagh, Julia, 403, 419,
 1099, 438, 476, 1709, 1718,
 527, 530, 538, 548, 1968,
 2038, 2131, 2186, 2250
 Keary, A., 1136, 1152, 1225,
 1401
 Keatinge, — (POTTINGER),
 1368
 Keenan, H. F., 987
 Keith, L., 1823, 1871
 Kendall, M., 1821
 Kennedy, J. P., 152
 Kent, James, 942
 —, W. C., 973
 Kepler, A., 1574
 Kettle, R. M., 852, 1791
 Kielland, A. L., 2714, 2726,
 2730
 King, G., 848
 —, R. A., 1163, 1665, 1902
 Kingsley, H., 1301, 1337,
 1723
 Kinkel, J. G., 2385
 Kipp, Leonard, 670, 861
 Kipling, R., 1472
 Kippen, J., M., 1796
 Kirk, E. [W.] (O.), 168, 290,
 77, 85, 352, 370, 373, 384
 Kirkland, Jo., 302, 178
 Knowles, R. B. S., 1312
 Kock, [C.] P. de, 1952,
 1964 p, 2057, 2109, 2163,
 2176, 2237
 Körner, Th., 2472, 2530
 Kokhanovsky, 2680
 Korolenko, V., 2618, 2644,
 2655, 2697
 La Brète, J. de, 2268
 Laflin, A. A. (A.), 1507
 Lamartine, A. de, 697, 121,
 911, 2263
 Lane, L. M., 1300, 2373
 Lang, Andrew, 470
 —, L. B. (A.), 1207
 Larned, A., 168 [96
 Lathrop, G. P., 405, 28, 57,
 Latimer, M., E., (W.), 110
 Law, J., 1150 [496
 Lawless, Emily, 1140, 1513,
 Lawlor, D. S., 1984
 Lee, D. K., 84 k
 —, “Holme,” 1055 a, 1084,
 1096, 1281, 1353, 1493, 1568,
 1693, 1814, 1827, 1838, 1841,
 1890 a
 — [JENNER], K., 1385
 —, Ma., 231, 235
 —, M., K., [C.] (J.), 351
 —, “Vernon,” 885
 Le Fanu, J. S., 1046
 Lenzen, M., 2479
 Le Peur, J., 1865
 Lermontof, M. [Y.], 2641
 LES MISÉRABLES, by
 HUGO (5 vols. 12 mo., gilt
 top. \$7.50. Boston, *Little,
 Brown & Co.*) 790
 Lester, A. S. E., 1610
 Lesueur, D., 2152
 Lever, C., 437 h, 453 k, 509 p,
 1115, 727, 796, 1784, 979
 Levy, A., 498 p, 1741
 Lewald, F., 955, 2332, 2334,
 2430, 2447
 Lie, Jonas, 2709, 2711, 2719,
 2722
 Lillie, Lucy C., 445, 1705
 Lincoln, J. T. (G.), 823
 Lindan, P., 2424, 2443, 2445
 —, R., 2327
 Linskill, M., 1102, 1329
 Linton, E. [L.], 1666, 1850

- Lippard, G.: 350
 Liston, G.: 2423
 Litchfield, G. D.: 330, 480.
 109
 Locker, A.: 1826
 Lockhart, L. W. M.: 1224,
 1259, 1548
 Logan, A. R. (M.): 213
 Longfellow, H.: W.: 66, 467 t
 Longstreet, A. B.: 37 d
 Longueuil, O. (G.): 407, 586,
 1949
 Loti, P.: 912, 2070, 2178.
 2231, 2233
 Lowell, Fr.: 187
 —, Ro. [T. S.]: 190, 863
 Lubomirski, J.: 2690
 Lucy, H.: W.: 1306
 Lunt, G.: 27
 "Luska, Sidney."  H.:
 Harland
 "Lyall, Edna." 1070, 1199,
 1229, 479, 1901, 2717
 "Lyndon," 308
 Lytton, baron, 606 f, 674, 685,
 896 m, 973, 1427, 889, 963
MCarthy, J.: 1185, 1558.
 1596, 1898
 McClelland, M. G.: 10 p.
 277, 872, 345
 Macdonald, F.: 1274
 MacDonald, G.: 1040, 1192,
 1218, 1328, 1366, 1514, 828.
 1533, 1668, 1721, 1737, 929,
 1889, 1918 [1707
 Macdonell, A. (HARRISON).
 McDowell, L.: 1232
 MacEwen, C.: 1795 a
 Macfarland, Ma. R.: 873, 2463
 Macfarlane, A. R.: 213
 Mackarness, MATHILDA A. .
 (P.): 1860
 McLean [Greene], S. P.: 12
 MacLeod, Donald, 612
 Macleod, N.: 1808
 MacMahon, E.: 1345
 Macquoid, K. S.: 415, 1241,
 443, 451, 804, 1549, 1667,
 1786, 1837, 2001, 2014, 2032,
 2084, 2115, 2181, 2211
 "Madoe, Fayr," 1521, 1834
 Magruder, Julia. 180
 "Maine, E. S.," 1050, 1053
 Mair, A. E. A. (S.), 1349
 Maistre, Xavier de. 2087,
 2590
 Maitland, A. C.: 1930
 —, E.: 1360
 —, Ja. A.: 399, 2724
 Majendie, Ma. [E.]. 715.
 512, 1209, 2202, 2580
 "Malet, Lucas," 1154, 1165,
 1578, 1897, 2113
 Mallock, W. H.: 1616, 1638
 Malot, Hector, 868, 921, 2091,
 2173, 2261, 2322
 Mann, — (). 1662
 —, M. E.: 1644 [1539
 Manning, M. A. [R.].
 Mantuffel, U. von. 1004.
 2549
 Manzoni, A.: 608
 Marguerite of Navarre. 703
 Marie, Jeanne. 2504
 Markewich, B.: 2661
 "Marlitt, E.," 717, 779, 795,
 877, 888, 936, 2335, 2337,
 2365, 2435, 2488, 2513
 Marryat, F.: 1606, 1680
 Marshall, E. (MARTIN).
 1048, 1468, 1579
 —, F.: 2439
 Martin, — (). 1867
 —, A. (A.), 335
 —, M. E. (LeBreton).
 1051, 1112, 1327, 1879
 Martineau, Harriet. 1196
 Mason, M. M.: 492
 Mathews, C.: 209
 Maupassant, G. de. 1998.
 2192, 2212, 2276
 Maxwell, C.: 961
 May, G. M. (C.). 1055, 1189,
 1283, 1463, 1546
 "— Sophie," 236, 227
 Meade [Smith]. L. T.: 1370,
 1421, 1634
 Meinhardt, A.: 2402
 Mels. A.: [i. e., MARTIN
 COHN], 2338, 2359
 Melville, J.: G. Whyte, 928
 Meredith, G.: 580, 1088.
 1201, 1239, 1245, 1254, 691,
 1645, 1651, 1734, 985, 1894
 Mérimée, 628 d, 648, 2276
 Merriman, H. S.: 1681
 Metcalf, W. H.: 150
 Meyers, Ro. C. von, 316
 Miller, "Joaquin," 705
 Minto, W.: 1174
 Mitchell, D. G.: 233
 —, S. W.: 690, 266, 359
 Mitford, M. R.: 1657
 Molesworth, M. L. (S.),
 706, 1338, 494, 1612, 1778,
 1835
 Monkhouse, W. C.: 1715
 Monro, A. M.: 1118
 —, Th. R.: 1169 [988
 Montgomery, Fl.: 1580, 1851,
 Monti, L.: 789
 Montresor, C. A.: 849
 Moore, V. P.: 242
 —, F. F.: 531
 —, G.: 1226, 1584
 —, M.: 1071
 Morley, S.: 1036, 1520, 1848
 Morse, L. G.: 210
 Mügge, Th.: 2316 g
 "Mühlbach, L.," 2521
 Müller, F. M.: 714
 —, O.: 2355, 2371
 Muir, A.: 1441
 Murger, H.: 2245
 Murray, D. C.: 1069, 1582,
 1899 [2044, 2156
 —, E. C. G.: 1114, 2006,
 —, H.: 2159, 2383
 Musgrave, H.: 1380
 Musset, Alfred de, 2177, 2276
Nathusius, M. (S.) von,
 2370
 Nerval, G. de, 2274
 Nesbitt, E. G.: 1594
 Newby, —, 1158, 771
 Newman, M.: WENT-
 WORTH, 1403, 1457
 Nichols, M. S. G.: 1870
 Niemann, A.: 2389
 Nieritz, G.: 2352, 2495
 NINETY-THREE, by Hu-
 go (1 vol. 12 mo. gilt top,
 \$1.50, Boston. *Little*,

- Brown & Co.*) 867 "Ouida," 591, 604, 609, 632, 490, 853, 1020 [372
Noble, A. L., 446, 164 709, 1374, 468, 884, 890, 907, "Prescott, Dorothy," 344,
—, Lucetia, 124 959, 966, 971, 990, 994, 1006, Pressensé, E. (D.) de, 2235
Noel, A., 1659 2603 Preston, H. W., 194, 262, 61,
Nordhoff, C., 11 "Owen, A.," 1484 298, 175
Norris, W. E., 1031, 1076, Page, H., 1447 Prévost d'Exiles, 816
1077, 430, 463, 491, 1512, —, T. N., 749 Price, Alice, 1748, 1916
1518, 1535, 1551, 1561, 1571, Palmer, M., (T.), 23 —, E. C., 1041, 1161, 1303,
1597, 1620, 1739, 1836, 2721 Parkman, Fr., 167 1481, 1577, 1729, 1884, 2043,
NOTRE DAME, by HUGO, 2265 2265
(2 vols. 12 mo. cloth, gilt
top, \$3.00, Boston. *Little*
Brown & Co.) 871
Oberholtzer, S., L., 53
Oelschläger, H., 2522
Ogden, Ruth, 49
O'Hanlon, Alice, 1878, 552
Ohnet, G., 1955, 2016, 2078,
2097, 2106, 2207, 2251, 2683,
2303
OLIPHANT, MISS, 1891
Oliphant, L., 409, 620, 380
—, M. O. (W.), 462 p., 467,
744, 1035, 1063, 1065, 1124,
1133, 1168, 1172, 1180, 1193,
1215, 1230, 1235, 1322, 1336,
1340, 1357, 1391, 1396, 1400,
1407, 1419, 1426, 1434, 1439,
1442, 1444, 1450, 1458, 1474,
1497, 1501, 1508, 1537, 1542,
1557, 1569, 1609, 1613, 1633,
1639, 1641, 1663 v., 1678,
1686, 1692, 1699, 1743, 1756,
1767, 1789, 1798, 1799, 1800,
1803, 1813, 1844, 1925, 1927,
1940, 1941, 2048 [2586
Olney, M., A., 444, 45, 1420,
O'Meara, K., 488, 758, 860,
2015, 2310
ON THE HEIGHTS, by
AUERBACH: (New-York,
Holt & Co., translated
by Stern, 2 vols., \$2.,
paper, translated by Bun-
nett, 30 cents.) 881
"Optic, Oliver," 2 m
O'Reilly, E. G., (), 1148
Orloffsky, R., 2660
"Orne, P.," 137
Ortmann, R., 2346
Oswald, E., 2545
"Ouida," 591, 604, 609, 632,
490, 853, 1020 [372
709, 1374, 468, 884, 890, 907,
959, 966, 971, 990, 994, 1006,
2603
"Owen, A.," 1484
Page, H., 1447
—, T. N., 749
Palmer, M., (T.), 23
Parkman, Fr., 167
Parr, L., (T.), 579, 1222,
1319, 1376, 1415, 805, 523
Parsons, G. (H.), 1883
Paschkof, L., 2657
Patrick, M., 1566 [1840
Paul, Ma. A. (C.), 1221, 1209,
Paxton, M. W., 1912
Payn, Ja., 1087, 1131, 1262,
1277, 1320, 1347, 1464, 1486,
1530, 1550, 1874
Peard, F., M., 428 h., 431 d,
1045, 1162, 1167, 1361, 810,
510, 1843, 1014, 1874, 1922,
2129, 2237, 2293, 2354
Pendleton, Edmund, 218,
396
Perk., — (), 1293
Perrier, A., 1318
Perry, Bliss, 203
—, Nora, 250
Phelps [Ward], E., S., 205,
254, 58, 304, 83, 103, 135
Phillips, F. C., 1495, 1763
Philleo, C. W., 391
Phillips, A. C., 1194
—, Barnet, 535
—, Melville, 229
Phillipotts, E., 1247
Picard, G. H., 842, 508
Pichler, K., 2460, 2558, 2560
PRIDDINGTON, ROSE, 710
Pierce, G. A., 0413
Pike, M., H. (G.), 6 r
Pinkerton, T. A., 1052, 1413,
1540
Polko, Elise, 2462
Pollard, E. F., 2066
Pool, M. L., 155, 166
Porter, A. E. (), 19
—, J., 978
Pouillon, Émile, 1985
Poynter, E. F., 449 t, 686,

- Richardson, S.: 645
 Richter, J. P. F.: 821, 2393, 2553
 Riddell, C.. E. L. (C.). 1267, 1302, 1352, 1367, 1555, 1701, 1771, 1819
 Riddle, A. G.: 183
 Rideing, W. H.: 296
 Ring, Max, 2535
 "Rita," 1164, 667, 694, 462, 854, 1778 a, 2571
 Ritchie, A.: 1110, 1273, 1563, 500, 876, 534, 555
 Roach, E. M.: 1202
 Roberts, C. A.: 1517
 —, Ma., 596, 637, 696, 1358, 1502, 812, 880, 1830, 1873, 1973, 2012, 2273, 2592
 —, Morley, 1386
 Robinson, F.. M., 1564
 —, F.: W.: 1170, 1309, 1932
 —, R. E., 398
 Roche, M. R.: 637 f
 Rochefort, H.: [de]. 2183
 Rodenberg, J.: 2417
 Roc, A. S., 61 f, 71 v, 159 m
 —, E.: P.: 332, 0412
 Ropes, H. A.: 220
 Roquette, O.: 2536
 "Rothenfels, E. von," 2379
 Round, W. M. F.: 1, 130
 Rowson, S. (H.): 634
 Ruffini, G. [D.], 428, 435, 484, 797
 Saintine, X. B.: 2311
 Sanborn, E. W.: 113 s
 Sand, G.: 650, 711, 723, 782, 836, 850, 859, 945, 950, 977, 1950, 1956, 1963, 1981, 1994, 2013, 2059, 2080, 2108, 2138, 2149, 2160, 2172, 2180, 2230, 2255, 2256, 2282, 2306, 2316
 Sandeau, Jules, 631, 742, 935, 2069, 2132, 2135, 2168
 Sardou, V.: 1970
 Sartoris, A. (K.): 837, 892, 558 [2304]
 Savage, M. J.: 9
 —, M. W.: 1075
 Scheffel, Jo. V.: von, 679
 Schmid, C. von, 2392, 2484, 2508
 Schobert, H.: 2493
 Schreiner, O.: 956
 Schubert, Ossip, 441, 716, 513, 2345, 2364, 2388, 2481, 2523
 Schücking, Levin. 2388 t, 2405, 2429
 SCHULTZ, J.: 2267
 Scott, M.: 984
 —, Sir W.: 589, 617, 726, 728, 757, 878, 930
 Scribe, Eugène, 2197
 Seudder, M. L.: 408
 "Sealsfield, C.:", 291
 Searing, A. E. (P.): 369
 Sedgwick, S. R.: 169
 Seemüller, A.. M. (C.): 241
 Seroo, M.: 2576 k
 Sergeant, Adeline, 421, 1610, 1621, 1774
 Serrao, Th.: 2569
 Sewell, E.. M.: 1882
 Shand, Al. I.: 941, 1033
 Shaw, F. L.: 1135, 1153, 465, 2061
 Sheppard, E.. S.: 633, 656
 Sherwood, M.. E.. (W.): 526, 386
 Shipley, M.. E.: 1295
 Shorthouse, J. H.: 657, 767, 947, 1788, 975
 "Sidney, Ma.," 338
 Sigma, 1783
 Sigourney, L. (H.): 77 s
 Silberstein, A.: 2514
 Simpson, M.. C.. MAIR. 1304, 1479, 560
 Simms, W.: G.: 822
 Smart, H.: 1062, 1094, 1866
 Smith, Alex.: 1042
 —, Alice (J.): 1928
 —, J. P.: 0402
 —, M.. P. (W.): 204, 42, 64
 —, Seba, 170
 —, Shirley, 1753
 —, W. H.,  WHITE
 Smythies, — (), 1028
 Solly, H.: 1449
 Sollugub, 2615, 2639
 Soulié, F.: 2002, 2184, 2309
 Southworth, E. D. E. (X.). 618, 664
 Souvestre, Émile, 1962, 1972, 1974, 2034, 2042, 2076, 2081, 2096, 2099, 2112, 2141, 2147, 2210, 2214, 2215, 2290, 2314, 2512, 2247, 2279, 2284
 Speight, T.: W.: 1083
 "Spem, Kay," 1863
 Spender, E.: 1862, 1880
 —, Lily (H.): 457
 Spielhagen, F.: 611, 738, 2346 k, 2421, 2498, 2503, 2519, 2533, 2548
 Spindler, K.: 2200, 2480
 Spofford, H. [E..] (P.), 268, 827, 382
 Sprague, M.. A.: 25
 Stael, A.. L.. G. (N.), 431 p. 2000, 2004, 2111
 "Stahl, P. J.," 825
 Stanley, J.: 1188
 —, Mary. 1864
 Stephens, A.. S. (W.). 607, 692
 Stevenson, E.: L.: 763
 —, Ro. L.: 834, 901
 Stifter, A.: 2325, 2494
 Stilling, J.: H.: J.: 2438
 Stimson, F.: J.: 844
 Stinde, J.: 424 k, 2349, 2406, 2561
 "Stirling, A.," 195
 Stockton, F. R.: 5 h, 275, 71, 132, 962
 Stoddard, E.. [D.] (B). 321, 392, 976
 —, W.: O.: 3
 Stone, E.: 467 p, 1377
 Storm, Th. [W.]. 747, 2527
 Story, Ja. P.: 429
 —, W.: W.: 2577
 Stowe, H. [E..] (B.). 678, 294, 840, 323, 107, 106, 113, 341, 116, 400, 925
 "Strahan, E.:" 503
 —, L. G. (S.), 2101
 Strathes, J.: 1105
 Streckfuss, A.: 229, 909, 2534
 Stretton, Hesba, 1091, 437, 1670, 1849

- , J. CECILIA, 1517, (?), *Brown & Co.* 981
1711, (?), 1885
Stuart, Esmé, 2161, 2324
Sturgis, Julian, 402, 1155,
1204, 1408, 1412, 1598
Sudermann, H., 2368
Sue, Eugène, 826, 856, 2055,
2154, 2162, 2183, 2229, 2277
Sullivan, T. R., 361
SUZETTE, by M. S. TIER-
NAN: (New-York, *H:*
Holt & Co., \$1.25.) 151
Swan, A. S., 1038
Swett, Sophie, 13
Synge, W. F., 1640, 1856
Tador [Stephenson], Eli-
za, 613 1109, 1238, 1456,
1543, 1755, 1772, 1910
Talmeyr, Maurice, 2121
"Talvi," 448, 2425
"Tardieu, J. A.," 2166
Tautphues, J. (M.) von,
593, 666, 473, 521
Taylor, Bayard, G. 44, 280,
65, 958
—, E... 1717
—, I. A., 1886
Tchukof, 2666
Tchernychevsky, 2701
Teal, A. (G.), 281
Tellet, Roy, 1227
Temme, H., 2331
Temple, G.: 1451
Thackeray, A. I... 
Ritchie.
—, W.: M.. 1632, 1160,
731, 477, 1490, 1617, 1675,
998
Theuriet, André, 1953, 1969,
1988, 2051, 2052, 2056, 2068,
2136, 2225, 2298, 2313, 2317,
2318
Thomas, B., 519 k, 1381, 1893
Thompson, Maurice, 50, 134
—, Ray, 356
Thoreson, A. M. (K.), 2725
Thornton, M. J., 230
THREE MUSKETEERS,
by DUMAS (2 vols. 12 mo.
cloth, extra, gilt top,
\$3.00. Boston, *Little,*
Brown & Co.) 981
Tieck, L.: 2526
Tiernan, M. S. (N.), 739,
760, 151
Tillier, Claude, 855
Tincker, M. A., 622, 54,
944, 992, 2566
Tinsau, Léon de, 2179
Tolstoi, 1007, 2611, 2620,
2627, 2630, 2638, 2645, 2649,
2667, 2679, 2682, 2694
Tourge, A. W., 206, 247
Townsend, V. W., 289
Trafton [Knox], A., 285
Tretton, Philip, 2568 t
Trollope, A., 1043, 1049,
1072, 1082, 1095, 1095, 1098,
1130, 1138, 1151, 1171, 1213,
1214, 1229, 1253, 1157, 1288,
1394, 1409, 1428, 1438, 1446,
1455, 1500, 1524, 1556, 1637,
1653, 1684, 1685, 1698, 1719,
1760, 1794, 1845, 1888, 1900,
2414, 2453, 2537
—, F. E. (T.), 587, 1054,
1068, 1107, 486, 1499, 1503,
1883, 2510
—, T.: A., 1298, 481, 2567,
2574, 2575, 2579, 2581, 2589,
2594, 2605
Trotter, A. M., 422
Trowbridge, J.: T., 10 s, 18,
31, 81 h, 246, 300, 93, 100
Tucker, G.: F., 117 m
Tunstall, N. W., 326
Tur, Eugenia, 938
Turgénief, Ivan, 644, 652,
769, 851, 948, 952, 2171,
2610, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2617,
2628, 2629, 2633, 2635, 2638,
2637, 2643, 2648, 2650, 2652,
2653, 2663, 2664, 2670, 2674,
2677, 2684, 2686, 2687, 2691,
2696, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2702
Twain, M.: 182
Twells, J. H., 951
Tyler, M. L., 1482
Tyler [Greene], M. E..
F., 1326, 1861
— [Liddell], C. C. F.,
1417, 1575
"—, S..." 423 u, 1126, 713,
1375, 778, 1478, 1754, 1761,
1905
Tzikos, P., 2599
Uchard, Mario, 2182
Underwood, Fr. H.:
305, 1193
Vachette, E., 2259
Vase, Gillan, 542
Veitch, S. F. F., 1398
Veley, Ma., 1184, 1280, 1297,
1581
Vely, E., 2538
Verga, G., 2582
Verney, F., 1271, 1465
Vicary, J. F., 2706
Vigny, A. de, 1987
VILLAGE PHOTO-
GRAPHS, by AUGUSTA
LARNED: (New-York, *H:*
Holt & Co., 12°, \$1.75) 168
Villari, L. (W.) (M.), 623,
469, 2382, 2584
Volkhausen, A. von, 2556
Voltaire, 2320
Vosmaer, C., 2565
Walford, L. B. (C.), 1074,
1173, 1203, 1351, 1364,
1541, 1567, 1671, 1751, 1810
Walker, A. L., 1365, 1869
Wallace, E., 1104
Walpole, Horace, 630
"Wanderer," 1311
Ward, Artemus, 1192 k
—, M. (A.), 1552, 1786
Warfield, C. A. (W.), 627
Warner, A. B., 260
—, C. D., 293, 381
—, Susan, 46 r, 117 s, 222,
312, 363, 0401
Watts, W. H., 2487
Webb, C.: H., 931
Weber, A., 1064, 1635
Wedmore, F.: 1795, 547,
2204
Weed, Ella, 248
Weitzel, S. W., 219, 283
Wellmer, A., 2363
"Werner, E." 594, 600, 683,
729, 770, 913, 1003, 1011,
2320, 2333, 2339 q, 2348,

INDEX TO AUTHORS OF WORKS NOTICED IN DESCRIPTIVE LISTS OF NOVELS.

- 2416, 2427, 2428, 2429, Wilkins, M.. E., 30 w. 53 Woolson, C. F., 188, 26. 35,
2477 a, 2489, 2511 Willcox, O. B., 136 k 252, 128
Westall, W.: 866 Willets, S. B., 830 Wylde, K..., 1379 b
Wharton, G.: F., 397 Williams, H.. M., 628 d Yardley, J.. (W.), 295,
Wheelwright, J.: T., 212 Williamson, F. (), 1290, 376
Whitaker, E.: 1663 1392 [299 Yates, E., 1120, 1452
White, R.: G., 452 "Winchester, Carroll, 255, Yonge, C.. M., 1166, 1183,
—, W. HALE, 1528. 1733 "Winter, J.: S., 1228, 1801 1208, 677, 1344, 1346, 1811
Whiting, S., 1740 Winterfeld, A. von, 2470 Yorke, C., 1123
Whitney, A. D. (T.), 5 k, Winthrop, Th., 209, 62 Zola, Émile, 784, 1943, 1959,
30 m, 36 p, 199, 244, 258, Witt, H. (G) de, 2041, 2146 1990, 1996, 2039, 2088,
269, 334, 355, 149. 529 —, P. (G.) de, 2196, 2199 2093, 2094, 2118, 2148, 2167,
Wichert, E., 2419, 2563 Wood, E. (P.), 1139, 1234, 2289 a
Wildenbruch, E. von, 2401 1416, 1471, 1573, 1775 Zschokke, [J:] H.: 927,
Wildermuth, O., 2466 Woolley, C. (P.), 38, 76 2341, 2343. 2390 m. 2415,
2428 a, 2444

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